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Charles Kendall Adams and the First University Library Building

Jackson E. Towne

JULY 26, 1952, MARKED THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the death of Charles Kendall Adams, one of the University of Michigan's most distinguished alumni, a graduate of the class of 1861, the first dean of the university's school of political science, the second president of Cornell University, and the seventh president of the University of Wisconsin. Now that the University of Michigan's General Library, erected in 1919, has grown so overcrowded that there is a need for a storage library on the new North Campus on the Huron River,¹ it is interesting to look back to that early period when the predecessor of the present General Library building was planned and erected nearly seventy years ago with Charles Kendall Adams one of the leading spirits in the enterprise.

When Andrew Dickson White left Ann Arbor to found Cornell University, Adams succeeded him as professor of history; and Adams was a logical choice among members of the Michigan faculty to write the *Historical Sketch of the University* which the United States commissioner of education requested in connection with the celebration of the national centennial at Philadelphia in 1875. Adams' comments on the General Library, which was to operate without adequate quarters of its own for nearly ten years after the centennial exposition, were as follows:

The nucleus of the General Library of the University of Michigan was a collection of about 3,700 volumes purchased in 1840. The books were selected in Europe by Dr. Asa Gray, then Professor of Botany and Zoology in the University. Unfortunately, the money at the disposal of the Regents admitted of but few additions to this small number of volumes in the course of the next ten years.

On the arrival of President [Henry Philip] Tappan, however, attention was called to the meagre condition of the library and in accordance with his recommendation regular appropriations were made for its increase. In 1856, Mr. John Tappan, son of the President, was appointed

¹Michigan, *A Supplement to the Detail of the Capital Outlay Budget for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1954*, 6 (Lansing, 1953).

Librarian; and in the course of the same year the library was removed from its crowded quarters in one of the small rooms of the South College, to the ample accommodations then afforded by the lower story of the Museum.

It was not, however, until after the increasing demands for space in the North College had driven the Library to its present quarters in the Law Building, that its educational power was fully developed. This transfer took place in 1863. In the following year the Rev. Andrew Ten Brook was appointed Librarian.

Two important changes were at once introduced in order to make the library more completely accessible to the students. In the first place the room was opened for the use of students in the evening as well as in the day time. Of still greater importance was the preparation of a card catalogue on what is known as the Harvard plan. It consists of two parts, one comprising a list of the names of authors alphabetically arranged, together with the titles of such of their works as may be in the library; the other an index of subjects and a reference to all the works in the library which treat of the subjects named. . . .

The amount appropriated for the General Library by the Board of Regents varies from year to year from \$1,500 to \$3,000. As this amount has to cover the purchases of books as well as of periodicals it falls far short of the demands of the various departments of study. These demands are rapidly increasing. It is confidently believed that no other university library in the country is more used by students than is our own. The number of works drawn by students alone, according to the most recent statistics, extending through a week of no unusual literary activity, averages as high as two hundred and seventy-eight per day. . . .

From these statistics, which evince an extraordinary interest in the library, it will be justly inferred that the additions made from year to year by the Regents are altogether inadequate to the demands made upon it. The Library has indeed been selected with unusual care. But there is a pressing necessity that it be speedily increased. Perhaps no other want of the University is so imperative; certainly no other one appeals more invitingly to private munificence.²

In this connection it is interesting to note that five years before the appearance of the centennial publication, in the first listing of consolidated "statistics of colleges and collegiate institutions in the United States" issued in the 1870 report of the commissioner of education, Michigan's library could boast but 22,000 volumes, and was surpassed by eight eastern college libraries, with Harvard claim-

²Charles Kendall Adams, *Historical Sketch of the University of Michigan . . . Prepared in Compliance with an Invitation from the Commissioner of Education . . . Relating to the National Centennial*, 11 (Ann Arbor, 1876).

ing 184,000 volumes, Yale 90,000, and Dartmouth, Cornell, Brown, Amherst, Bowdoin, and Princeton ranging from 37,967 to 28,000.³

Three years before this, Adams had found, in Germany alone, university libraries whose book collections were nearly ten times as large as Michigan's. Not only Heidelberg and Leipzig, where he heard lectures, exceeded Michigan's collection, but also Tübingen, Göttingen, and Bonn, to mention only five of Germany's then score of universities.⁴ An increasing awareness of all this was developing at Ann Arbor.

The university had weathered the unfortunate dismissal of President Tappan, had enjoyed the short and successful administration of President Erastus Otis Haven, the satisfactory interregnum of Henry Simmons Frieze, and President James Burrill Angell had embarked upon his long period of outstanding leadership five years prior to the national centennial.

In his report to the board of regents for the year 1877, President Angell wrote:

I would also refer to the appropriation for the increase of the General Library. The Legislative Committee appreciated, it is believed, the importance of a new fire-proof building for the Library, but did not deem it expedient, it is presumed, in the present depressed state of business to recommend the erection of it. . . . The Library must be the fountain of strength in a University. If our collection of books were trebled or quadrupled in numbers at once, it would not be at all beyond the real demands of the institution. For in addition to a rich general library we ought to have for each of our special and professional schools a large and choice technical library.⁵

And in 1879:

I cannot forbear again calling attention to the fact that we need a new Library Building quite as much as we needed a Museum Building. The Law Department requires the room in which our General Library is now stored. The building is not fire-proof. The Library room is not capacious enough to hold our books or to accommodate our readers. We ought to have a reading room which can hold at least three hundred readers and provide them with good air. The Library must be the centre of the intellectual life of the University. It should therefore be cared for with

³United States Commissioner of Education, *Report*, 506-17 (Washington, 1870).

⁴Paul Monroe, *A Cyclopedia of Education*, 1:2:415; 3:4:124, 246, 676; 5:637 (New York, 1925).

⁵James Burrill Angell, *President's Report . . . University of Michigan*, 15 (Ann Arbor, 1877).

the most scrupulous pains and be nourished with the largest generosity. I doubt if, in proportion to its size, any Library in the world is as much used as ours. Statistics carefully gathered show that from the Harvard Library . . . a smaller number of books is daily drawn than from our little collection of 26,000.⁶

In December, 1881, Adams signed the preface to the first edition of what was to be by far his best known book, the *Manual of Historical Literature*.⁷ In his *Autobiography*, Andrew White explained that having compiled a bibliographical introduction to O'Connor Morris' *Short History of the French Revolution*:

It occurred to me that a much more extensive work, giving a selection of the best authorities on all the main periods of modern history, might be useful. This I began, and was deeply interested in it; but here, as in various other projects, the fates were against me. . . . I asked my successor in the professorship of history at the University of Michigan. . . , Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, to take the work off my hands. This he did, and produced a book far better than any which I could have written. . . .⁸

Adams' "manual" is a comprehensively annotated bibliography of more than three thousand major histories in English, French, and German, divided under a variety of subjects such as universal histories, histories of Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, modern times, Italy, German, France, Russia and Poland, England, and the United States. This work, published by Harper and Brothers, passed through three editions, the last appearing in 1903 after Adams' death.

For a generation the book stood on the reference shelves of every college or university library of any importance in America. Though long superseded, one nevertheless will find few serious instances of provincial judgment on the part of the annotator in its seven hundred pages. One encounters the same strong anti-Bonapartist leaning that marked Adams' first book, in the annotations dealing with French histories, but the German histories for the Franco-Prussian War period are thoughtfully weighed. The majority of the evaluations are certainly valid today. But Francis Parkman is underestimated. William Hickling Prescott is "our foremost historian." And Washington Irving is overpraised.

⁶James Burrill Angell, *President's Report* . . . University of Michigan, 14 (Ann Arbor, 1879).

⁷Charles Kendall Adams, *A Manual of Historical Literature* (New York, 1882; 1889; 1903).

⁸Andrew Dickson White, *Autobiography*, 2:501-2 (New York, 1905).

There is an introduction of thirty pages "On the Study of History," in which we have a comprehensive sample of Adams' somewhat heavy but readable style. The introduction is good propaganda, and in its discussion of general problems of economy and finance and of the "Growing Power of Corporations" we observe a foreshadowing of the "Progressive" type of political thinking which was to characterize the Theodore Roosevelt period.

In his preface before expressing his thanks for the "hearty generosity" and "imperturbable cheerfulness" with which the university librarian, Raymond C. Davis, and all of the assistants at Michigan had "ministered to his numerous and multiform necessities," Adams felt that his prime indebtedness was owed to "the superintendent and the librarians of the Astor Library in New York."

Many years later, at a crowning moment for Charles Kendall Adams, on the occasion of the dedication of the library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, October 19, 1900, the main speaker of the occasion, Charles Francis Adams, discussed and evaluated the great historians of the world. If we place the estimates of the two Adams' side by side they provide some interesting contrasts of American thinking about historians at the start and the close of the last two decades of the nineteenth century. Some of Charles Kendall's evaluations were obsolete by 1900.

By 1880 the members of the board of regents at Michigan were well aware of the need for better book collections and of the need for a library building. The first formal action on the building was taken by the board on September 8, 1880, through a resolution offered by George Duffield, requesting the library committee "to prepare a memorial."⁹ The committee reported to the board on January 12, 1881:

Regent E[dward] C[arey] Walker stated that Professor Adams, who was then present, would present to the Board, if desired to do so, the results of his examination and correspondence relative to plans for a library building. By request of the Board, Professor Adams then made a statement covering his correspondence and the action of the Library Committee; also, relative to plans for a library building. At the close of the remarks of Professor Adams, Regent [Ebenezer] Grosvenor moved that the Committee on Buildings and Grounds be associated with the Library

⁹University of Michigan, *Proceedings of the Board of Regents*, (November 11, 1880), 609 (Ann Arbor, 1880).

Committee in the further examination and consideration of the subject then under discussion. The motion prevailed.¹⁰

We gather from the report of Regent James Shearer, who was chairman of the building committee, that by this time Adams was in touch with the Boston architectural firm of Ware and Van Brunt.¹¹ In a later letter to President White of Cornell, Adams explains that Henry Van Brunt had been recommended by Justin Winsor, at the time librarian of Harvard University. Van Brunt was a neighbor of Winsor's. He was one of the nation's well-known architects. He had designed the much-admired Memorial Hall at Harvard, had added a stack wing to old Gore Hall library at Harvard, and was later to design the Hoyt (public) Library at Saginaw.

On January 13, 1881, the board of regents appointed three of its own members: Ebenezer Grosvenor, Jacob Van Riper, and Samuel Walker; and two members of the faculty, Moses Coit Tyler and Charles Kendall Adams, to present a plea for a new library to the state legislature. This necessitated a trip to Lansing, and an appearance before the legislative committee.¹²

We do not know just how soon after the first month of the year 1881 the trip to Lansing in the interest of a new university library building was made, nor just where and under what conditions the three regents and the two professors presented their joint plea to the legislative committee. We do not know what was said. The need was great, and it should not have been difficult for such a distinguished delegation to argue eloquently.

Already the Michigan State College of Agriculture in East Lansing enjoyed a separate building for its library and museum, even though it was not felt in those days that the book requirements of an agricultural college had to be considerable, and the library boasted a collection of only eight thousand volumes.¹³

The representations of the three university regents to the legislative committee were apparently made first, Adams and Tyler appearing

¹⁰University of Michigan, *Proceedings of the Board of Regents*, (January 12, 1881), 1-2 (Ann Arbor, 1881).

¹¹University of Michigan, *Public Exercises on the Completion of the Library Building . . . December 12, 1883*, 7 (Ann Arbor, 1884).

¹²University of Michigan, *Proceedings of the Board of Regents*, (January 13, 1881), 11 (Ann Arbor, 1881).

¹³Frank Kedzie, *Notes for a History of the Library of Michigan State College*, 2 (East Lansing, 1932).

afterward. Sketches for a building by the firm of Ware and Van Brunt were used in presenting the case.

Some of the solons on the committee must surely have been struck with the dissimilarity in appearance of their two academic visitors. In a photograph of the literary faculty in Ann Arbor in 1876,¹⁴ Adams wears a scraggly, spade beard, with smooth-shaven upper lip. The beard was black, and on Adams' somewhat angular jaws it had a tendency to give the face a Lincolnesque appearance. The curious, droopy eyelids, often commented upon by those who have described Adams, are clearly noticeable in the Ann Arbor faculty picture. And the long coat and heavy boots, the tall, somewhat rawboned figure, all conspire to suggest that here is another Abraham Lincoln who has drifted into university teaching. In the matter of personal grooming Adams was curiously protean. When he succeeded Andrew White as president of Cornell he allowed his graying beard a more bushy growth, then for a time wore it smartly clipped in forked fashion, and, later, when he moved on to Wisconsin, he affected a somewhat fuller growth of beard rather definitely in the Tennysonian style. Tyler was apparently somewhat more consistent, judging from the portrait photographs of him which survive. There is one in the Michigan Historical Collections at the university dated 1875 in which an unobtrusive beard of the period gives the author of the *History of American Literature* the quite conventional appearance of the then typical American man of letters.

After appearing before the legislative committee, the two professors had to return to the university uncertain of the success of their lobbying mission. The members of the committee decided to make a trip to Ann Arbor, "more fully to inform themselves as to their just duties in the matter"; and in due course "nearly all" were converted, for the bill appropriating \$100,000 was finally passed after being introduced in the Legislature on February 25, 1881.¹⁵

During the period of uncertainty Andrew White negotiated effectively for the services of Moses Coit Tyler at Cornell and on May 23, 1881, to the surprise of many, Tyler telegraphed his acceptance

¹⁴Orlando Worth Stephenson, *Ann Arbor, the First Hundred Years*, 272 (Ann Arbor, 1927).

¹⁵University of Michigan, *Public Exercises on the Completion of the Library Building . . . December 12, 1883*, 7.

of an offer of a professorship of American history and literature at Ithaca.¹⁶ In 1880 President Rutherford B. Hayes had appointed President Angell minister to China to negotiate an immigration treaty, and Frieze had stepped in once more as Michigan's acting president.

As we have noted, the bill appropriating the amount required for a library building was introduced on February 25, 1881.¹⁷ Acting President Frieze's 1881 report comments:

. . . in my last report your attention was called to several pressing needs of the University, the most urgent of which was a new building for the accommodation of our General Library. You were already too familiar with the inadequacy and unfitness of the apartment at present employed, to require any proof from the Faculties of the necessity of a change. But statements and arguments were needed with which you might be able to convince the Legislature that a real necessity existed, and that a large appropriation for this object could be reasonably asked for. Such statements were furnished by the Committee on the Library, by the Dean of the Law Faculty, by the Professor History, and by the Librarian; and these in the hands of the special committee of the Board, together with its own presentation of the subject to the legislative committees, secured to us a favorable hearing, and an appropriation of the whole amount asked for.

This appropriation, with the addition of others, some of which were for special purposes, and others for the support of schools already created by virtue of legislative enactments, made the munificent amount of \$160,000.¹⁸

The board of regents was obliged by the terms of the act of appropriation to advertise for competitive drawings. This was done on April 5, 1881. The joint committee, among other requisites, instructed competing architects "that an ornate design was not required, but that convenience, good proportions, and good construction must govern, and that the whole must be as nearly fireproof as the sum to be extended would allow." Three designs were submitted¹⁹ "all of which possessed merit," but they "did not embrace the require-

¹⁶Howard Mumford Jones, *The Life of Moses Coit Tyler*, 204 (Ann Arbor, 1933).

¹⁷University of Michigan, *Public Exercises on the Completion of the Library Building . . . December 12, 1883*, 6.

¹⁸Henry Simmons Frieze, *Acting President's Report . . . University of Michigan*, 1 (Ann Arbor, 1881).

¹⁹University of Michigan, *Public Exercises on the Completion of the Library Building . . . December 12, 1883*, 7.

ments of the committee as to the safety of the library and convenience of arrangement."

None of the three designs survive at Ann Arbor in the Michigan Historical Collections, or in the files of the university architect's office or of the department of buildings and grounds. We know that one of the competing architects was Samuel J. Hall of Columbus, Ohio.²⁰ The board of regents was apparently free to weigh the plans of Hall against the preferred designs of Ware and Van Brunt, although the latter had not come "within the terms of the advertisement for designs, and had not been considered by the building committee."²¹

While President Angell was absent in China, Adams wrote him a long letter which included an unofficial report on the library. Acting President Frieze was now sixty-four years old, which no doubt partly accounts for why so much planning had actually been entrusted to Adams. The letter to Angell is dated July 6, 1881:

Our labors and anxieties in regard to a Library building are to be rewarded with a capital structure. The problems of a competition had to be gone through with, and the conditions of competition were so strict that no architect of position would compete . . . though there was one from Columbus, O. that showed so many excellencies that we feared it would be accepted. It had one serious fault, but it came in as a competitive plan and therefore was entitled to very careful consideration. . . . The Board were of course quite right in considering the competitive plans with care. The points of the Columbus plans and of the Boston plans were scanned for about six hours, by the building Committee and myself. We took my recitation room for it. . . . The result was that the plans worked by Ware and Van Brunt, (the Architects of Memorial Hall, of the Addition to the Harvard Library, of the Mass. State Library . . .) were adopted *unanimously*. . . . I have great confidence that you will be pleased with the building and the accommodations it will afford. It will be substantially fire proof throughout. It will differ from other buildings on the grounds in *several* respects: but not least of all in this, that the building planned by the architect was found to cost so considerably less than the Regents desired to expend, that they have been able to improve the construction in many essential particulars. The building, Mr. Shearer thinks, will be a much better one than Van Brunt supposed we could build for the money. The books will be stored on the Harvard plan in three stories having a capacity of about 114,000 volumes. On

²⁰University of Michigan, *Proceedings of the Board of Regents*, (June 28, 1881), 54 (Ann Arbor, 1881).

²¹University of Michigan, *Public Exercises on the Completion of the Library Building* . . . December 12, 1883, 7.

the lower floor are the reading Room and the Administrative Rooms: conveniently adjacent and conveniently arranged. The *Entresol* is designed exclusively for the use of special investigators, professors, visitors and students. The third story of the main portion of the structure—a story extending over the Reading Room and the Bookroom—is to be an Art Gallery with admirable sky light. The building is to [be] 156 from flank to flank and about 160 from front to rear. After the most careful consideration it was found that it would be too much crowded if placed South of the Museum, and accordingly the Board decided upon what has come to be called the Central position. It is to front the North, the main facade being about one hundred feet south of the crossing of the main walks between the Laboratory and the University Hall. This is the site preferred by the architect. The building will, we think look well from all accidental points of view. It is irregular, of the Norman Gothic type, and depends for its architectural effects more upon the grouping of its masses and its sky lines than upon any richness of details. . . .²²

Regent James Shearer was sent to Boston regarding changes in the preliminary drawings and specifications. On August 22, 1881, the design was in the hands of the committee, was soon approved, and Messrs. Henry Van Brunt and Frank M. Howe were named as architects, Howe having taken the place of William Robert Ware, who had gone to Columbia to head up the School of Architecture.

On August 25, 1881, the regents' committee advertised for proposals for the erection and completion of the library, and in early September James Appleyard of Lansing proved the lowest bidder. He was required to furnish all labor and material to build the structure as shown by the drawings and specifications, for the sum of \$85,375.50. A contract was drawn "providing for completion on or before the first day of October, 1882." On September 28, 1881, ex-regent Andrew Climie was appointed by the board as superintendent of the building and he continued in charge until the library was opened. As was, and is, not unusual in such operations, there were delays and the basic structure was not completed until January, 1883.²³

Elizabeth Martha Farrand, the second historian of the university, who was an assistant librarian of the institution, reports that:

²²Charles Kendall Adams to James Burrill Angell, July 6, 1881, in the Michigan Historical Collections at the University of Michigan.

²³University of Michigan, *Public Exercises on the Completion of the Library Building . . . December 12, 1883*, 9.

On November 22nd, 1883, the building committee of the Board received the building from Mr. Appleyard, and on the following day the first book, which happened to be Erlach's *Die Volkslieder der Deutschen*, was placed by the librarian in the new book-room. The moving of the books occupied about ten days, during which time the old reading room was left open and books supplied to readers where it was possible.²⁴

In the spring of 1882 President White of Cornell University had volunteered to be one of three or four persons to place a peal of bells in one of the towers of the new library building. "Find two or three persons to join me in the matter," said he, "and we will put four or five bells in place without cost to the University." This suggestion was acted upon. Two brief letters were enough to bring favorable responses. The requisite money was put at Adams' command; and he received direction to make a selection of bells. All this is interestingly told in the report of the June meeting of the board of regents for 1883.²⁵

The completion of the library building was an event of so much importance in the history of the university that it was decided by the regents to celebrate it in an appropriate manner. Accordingly, on the evening of December 12, 1883, in the presence "of a large concourse of people," including invited guests from various parts of the state, exercises were held.

Those who came to Ann Arbor for the first time on the afternoon before the opening of the 1883 library building, or for the first time in a number of years, must have been surprised, for Henry Van Brunt had designed a very curious looking structure to house the library of the University of Michigan. To a certain extent he had duplicated the plan of Memorial Hall in Cambridge, substituting a reading room for the dining hall, doubling the number of main towers, and placing the stacks in the area occupied in the Cambridge structure by Sanders Theatre. In another sense, the old University of Michigan library has always suggested to the writer a small replica of the old double-towered Trocadéro Palace erected in Paris in 1878, which stood for many years at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, and was finally torn down after World War II. Van Brunt's reading-room was

²⁴Elizabeth Martha Farrand, *History of the University of Michigan*, 235 (Ann Arbor, 1885).

²⁵University of Michigan, *Proceedings of the Board of Regents*, (June, 1881), 340-42 (Ann Arbor, 1881).

placed in the area comparable to that originally occupied by the music auditorium of the Trocadéro. In the recently published biography of President Harry Burns Hutchins of the University of Michigan, by Shirley W. Smith, there is an interesting footnote reference to the old library:

It used to be said that from the north the Library with its two towers and rounded 'stern' suggested an old-time Mississippi River steamboat²⁶

However, this may not always have been a popular comparison to many a loyal alumnus who first acquired what no doubt often developed into a lifetime love of books and reading in the old building.

Van Brunt himself, in writing to Adams later at Ithaca confessed one of the real limitations of the Ann Arbor design, in referring to a Cornell library plan:

the principal objection to be found against the library at Ann Arbor, viz: that the apse-like form suggests a rear and not a front. . . . At all events it is impossible to mistake the front for the rear [in the Cornell plan] or have to hunt for the porch.²⁷

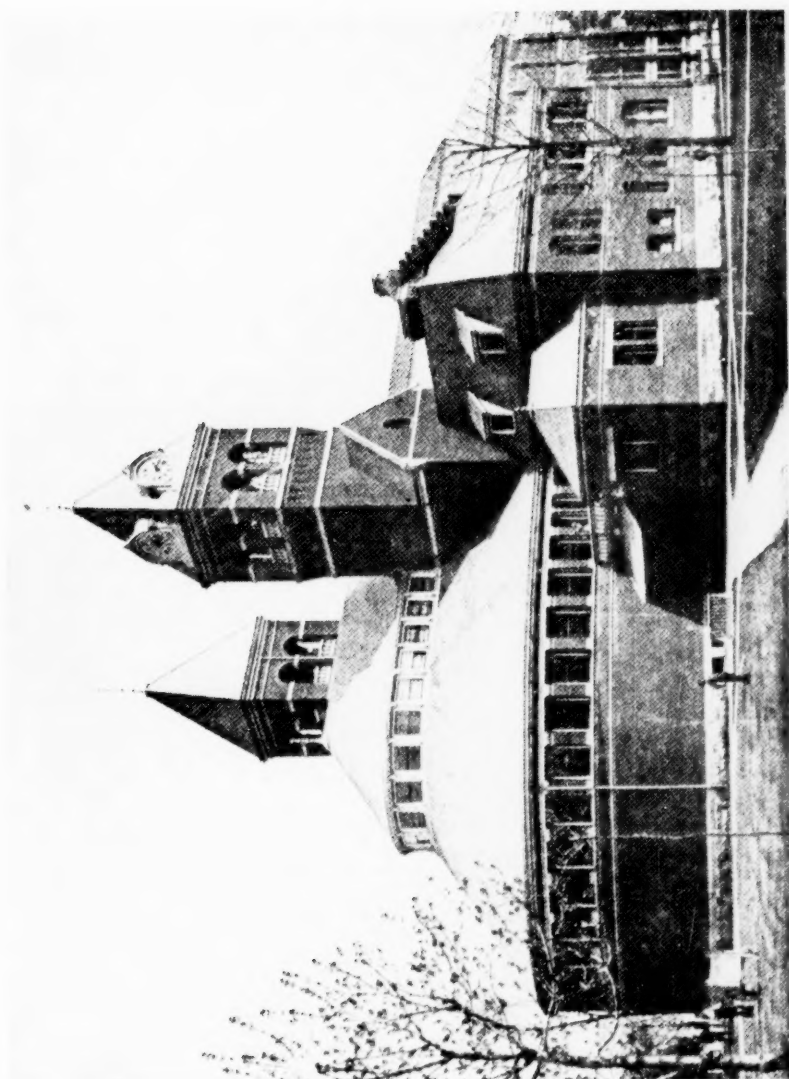
We have noted that Adams referred to the building as Norman Gothic. This was stretching terms considerably. Red brick, then a very popular building material in that part of Michigan, was used. The towers were not so much Norman Gothic as they were merely "Ann Arbor Victorian." A tower similar to these was shortly to be erected for the engineering building next door to the library; and a somewhat similar tower, dated 1882, formed part of the Ann Arbor fire station or engine house on Huron Street. One of the library towers contained a four-faced clock, a useful feature, but awkwardly designed.

Raymond C. Davis, the university librarian, discussed "The Growth of the Library" on that memorable dedicatory evening in December, 1883, and apparently acquitted himself very well indeed, judging by the printed record of his comments. These were in part as follows:

We need more books here to help the student answer the questions of his instructors, and, also, to help him answer those questions which no lips utter, and no fingers write, but which come thronging to him from within and without as the boundaries of his knowledge widen.

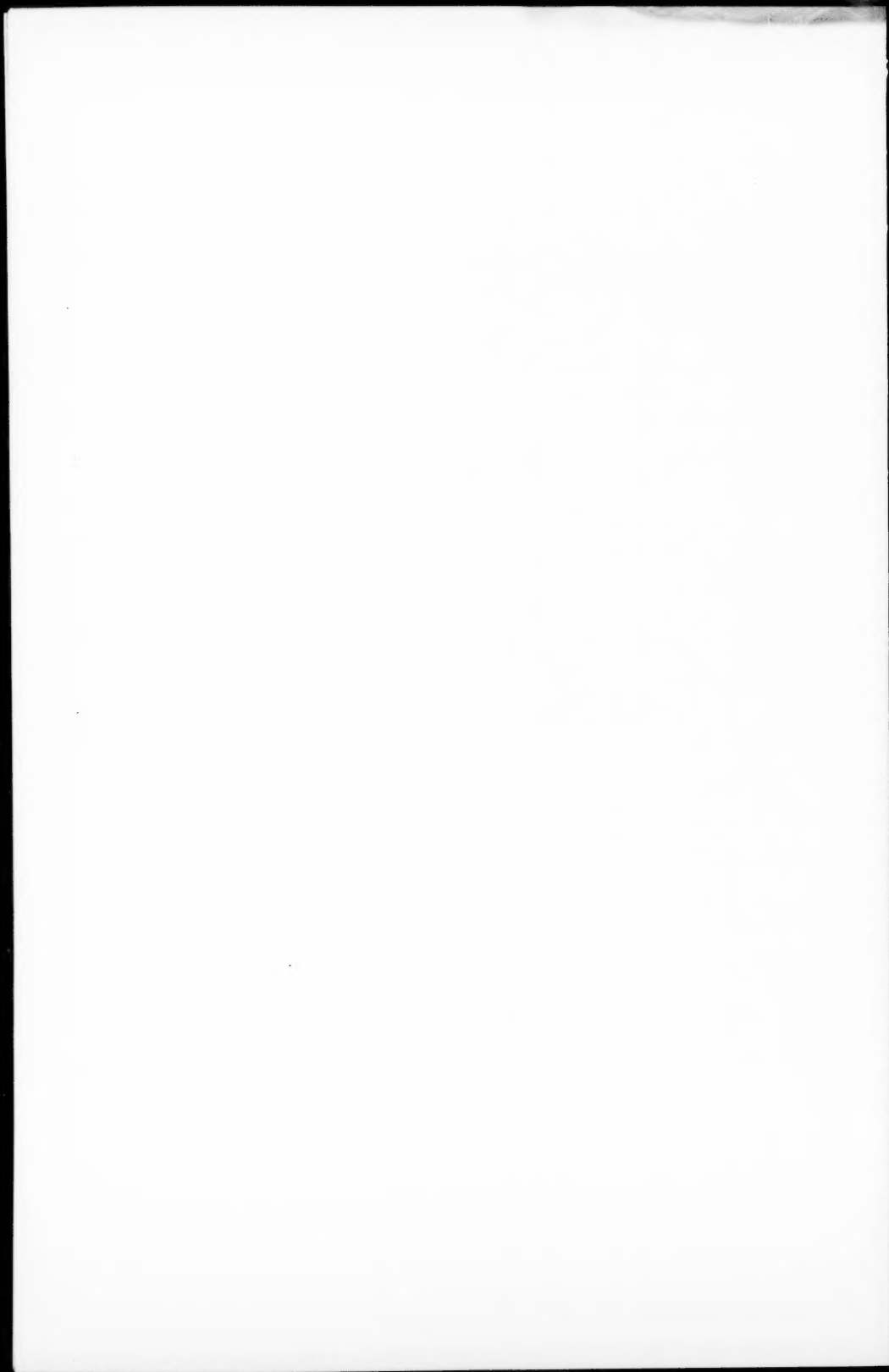
²⁶Shirley Wheeler Smith, *Harry Burns Hutchins and the University of Michigan*, 297 (Ann Arbor, 1951).

²⁷Henry Van Brunt to Charles Kendall Adams, June 14, 1886, in the Cornell Historical Collections at Cornell University.



Courtesy Michigan Historical Collections

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY



A great library, rich in all literature and in all science, is needed in this wide Northwest, to which the *litterateur* and the scientist may resort with a reasonable certainty of finding what they want.

This needs no argument, no amplification. The seats of great libraries in this country are few. Away to the east is Boston, with Cambridge hard by. This is one, and the best; New York is two; Philadelphia, three; Washington, four; and these are all, and they are all distant from us. Why may not Ann Arbor become five, and in one collection meet the wants of the students under tuition here, and of independent workers here? Here is a nucleus. Here are secure accommodations. Here are guardians. Here are men fitted by nature and by training to guide the growth of such a library, and make it symmetrical. All that is needed is that the present liberality of the state shall be continued, and that instances of private munificence . . . shall be of frequent occurrence.

Shall it not be so?²⁸

It was the fashion in the 1880's to include some poetic commentary in connection with speeches made at dedicatory exercises, and at Ann Arbor on December 12, 1883, the invited guests were favored with a lengthy ode of no less than twenty-three stanzas by one of the regents, George Duffield, who was minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Lansing. Though a banal poet, Duffield had been one of the most interested of the regents in the growth of the library at the university. It was he who made the initial motion in 1880 for a committee to study the need for the new building.

In a dream, the poet of the *Public Exercises* that December evening had a vision.

I saw a sight sublime;
And longed for Dorian numbers,
To give accordant rhyme. . . .

Just preceding the Reverend Mr. Duffield's reading of his long ode, the university's choral union had sung the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel, so that the first line of the twenty-second stanza must have seemed particularly appropriate:

Loud and still louder, alleluias arise,
And fill the earth, and reach the echoing skies;
The massive doors wide open fling,
To hail their King!
Who enters now with shining train,
Long to remain!

²⁸University of Michigan, *Public Exercises on the Completion of the Library Building* . . . December 12, 1883, 17.

"Peace to this house," I hear Him say,
Lover of wisdom, human and divine,
Let both be thine,
And peace alway!
Here find a home—²⁹

The main speaker of the occasion was Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University. Winsor gave a good address, but he preached the sacredness of the printed word and cautioned against ever discarding a book, a dictum, of course, long since considered hopelessly obsolete by the modern librarian.

Adams had now become so satisfied with developments at Ann Arbor that for the time being, at least, he had no interest in moving, as his friend Tyler had done. Talk of a chair of history at Cornell, and possibly the presidency itself, to which Adams was ultimately called, was already in the air when in the late spring of 1883 Adams wrote to Tyler explaining why he preferred to stay at the University of Michigan:

It is too important a matter to decide absolutely without the most careful thought. But my first impulse is to say that it would probably be unwise for me to go there even on the generous terms you suggest. I should have ample field there for influence and work, but I do not think it would be so great as it is here. The fact is my work during the past year has interested me far more than ever before, and there has never been a time when I should leave with so much reluctance as now. I refer especially to the work of our political seminar. Several of the theses here produced are quite worthy of publication and I hope some of them will ere long find their way into print. Another consideration has considerable influence with me. A friend of the school and of my work has put into my hands \$2500, with the declaration, "I give you this money on one condition, which is absolute, as follows, that my name shall not be mentioned to anybody. Ask no advice, but buy with it what books you want, and when that is gone I will send you more." With this fund I have already bought *Hansard*, *The Calendars of State Papers*, *The Rolls Series of Statutes at Large*, various colonial records, historical society publications, besides about four hundred volumes of books in French and German. These are to form the seminar library, or what I have sometimes called the historical laboratory. They are to be in a room by themselves in the new building and are to constitute the furniture of the investigator's workshop. How can I leave such a field?³⁰

²⁹University of Michigan, *Public Exercises on the Completion of the Library Building* . . . December 12, 1883, 26.

³⁰Charles Forster Smith, *Charles Kendall Adams, a Life Sketch*, 15-16 (Madison, 1924).

In the *Catalogue of the Faculties and Students of the University of Michigan for the Year 1884-85* we find a detailed reference to the seminars in the new library, and we here quote a portion of what was reported:

Two rooms are set apart for the use of students pursuing their work in the seminar. One of these rooms is 30 by 40 feet in dimensions, and the other 21 by 24 feet. Both are lighted by gas, and are accessible to students, not only throughout the day, but also in the evening. The rooms are supplied with eight tables, each four by ten feet in dimensions, and each having eight drawers with locks. One of the sixty-four drawers is assigned to the use of each of the students carrying on seminar work. On the walls of the room are open book cases containing between three and four thousand volumes. Immediately adjacent to the rooms for special students is the Book Room of the General Library, and there is an assistant of the librarian constantly in attendance, to procure any books that may be needed from the general collection.³¹

Angell, in a memorial address at Wisconsin, on February 16, 1903, in speaking of Adams as the initiator of the seminar method of instruction, summed it up in a short but impressive sentence: "He thus became more than a mere professor of history."³²

In 1883 Adams had questioned: "How can I leave such a field?"³³ But the opportunity to succeed President Andrew Dickson White at Ithaca was ultimately too enticing to resist, and in the fall of 1885 Adams did leave the University of Michigan to become the second president at Cornell.

His library "building" days had just begun! He was to have a major part in the planning of the impressive library building at Cornell; and later at the University of Wisconsin he was also to be a leading figure in the planning and the securing of an adequate appropriation for the great Wisconsin Historical Society Library, wherein the university library was to be jointly housed for over half a century.

Adams tended to overrate the 1883 library at Michigan. Writing to White from England in 1886, he commented:

³¹University of Michigan, *School of Political Science*, 7-8 (Ann Arbor, 1884-85).

³²Smith, *Adams*, 18.

³³Smith, *Adams*, 15-16.

the plan adapted is very generally and for ought I know universally regarded as the most successful piece of Library architecture in the country. . . . There can be no question in regard to its being a great hit. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that it is the most perfectly adapted to its wants of any public building I know. . . .³⁴

This was too high praise.

But we cannot fairly dismiss the 1883 building by merely labeling it an old-time river steamboat. It gave years of striking and effective service, as Theodore Wesley Koch testified in 1915 when he commented, during his librarianship of the University of Michigan just a few years before the old structure was dismantled:

The present University of Michigan library building was erected at a time when the whole collection of books was but a trifle larger than the accessions of any average two years of the present decade. The great wonder is that a building opened in 1883, when the university library contained an aggregate of 38,262 volumes could by so little addition and remodeling have been made to suffice for 32 years and still be workable when we now have over 350,000 volumes in the university, nearly 300,000 of which are housed in the general library.³⁵

³⁴Charles Kendall Adams to Andrew Dickson White, August 22, 1886, in the Cornell Historical Collections.

³⁵Theodore Wesley Koch, *Notes on Recent University Library Buildings*, 1746 (Ann Arbor, 1915).

A Patriarch of the Pioneering Days

Ethel Hudson

AS I STOOD IN THE LITTLE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD, and gazed at the moss-covered tombstone of my great-grandfather with its simple inscription "Simeon Owens—1808-1897," I pondered on many things.

This visit to my home state of Michigan had proved to be both satisfying and surprising. Surprising because I had accepted the popular theory that those nostalgic souls, who have the urge to return to their childhood home, are doomed to disappointment. I had not found it so. There were any number of changes, to be sure; but many old friendships were renewed, and the lapse of time dissolved into nothingness.

It was Indian Summer, that interval when Nature seems to pause in contemplation, lazily dreaming of the summer just passed, hesitant to succumb to the rigors of the winter ahead. The old churchyard followed the course of the winding river, and the trees in their brilliant fall colorings made an ideal setting in which to meditate.

Great-grandfather's life had been an inspiration to all who knew him. At his passing the entire countryside came to pay tribute to this lovable old man who had lived among them, sharing the hardships as well as the pleasures of their pioneering days. Throughout the years as he grew old, his face reflected that inner peace which comes to those whose lives have been well lived. His clear blue eyes, unafraid and still twinkling with the joy of living, lighted up his kindly countenance.

Much has been written of the hardships of the early settlers, but there was also a brighter side. I remember that, at the time of which I write, life was quite well established; in fact, the trials of the early days were all but forgotten.

In selecting land on which to file a claim, woods were of the utmost importance. They supplied logs for the home and for barns and other outbuildings. The forest furnished an inexhaustible supply of fuel and cash. Great-grandfather had shown remarkable foresight as he selected his land and filed his claim.

The first need was shelter, which was met by building a two-room log house. Later, a two-story log house was built. This we called "the big house." It was the scene of much work, gaiety, and tragedy. It was here that I spent my vacations. The original two-room house was then used for the carriage shed.

The land was cleared of stones. They were rolled on a stone boat—a flat-bottomed sled for hauling heavy stones—then hauled to the sites of the various buildings where foundations were laid. Stone fences separated the fields; many still stand today.

There were two rooms downstairs in the big house. The large kitchen, in which stood the long drawn-out table, was the focal point of interest. The sittingroom, as the big room was called, also served as sleeping quarters. Homespun curtains partitioned off the two four-poster beds in the room. The big round oak stove stood in the center. Rag carpets covered the floor.

Four steps down from the sitting room was the cool, stone-walled and floored milk room. Shelves lined the walls, and on them the milk was stored in large tin pans. Rich yellow cream rose to the surface and was skimmed off and churned. The butter was patted and shaped into a roll, and with the wooden paddle a flowery design was executed. The butter was then placed in a wooden bucket and lowered deep into the well, to be kept until needed. Two rooms upstairs augmented the sleeping area.

Great-grandfather's son, Lew, died, leaving his wife, Julia, and their six children. Lew had brought Julia to his father's home as a bride. Great-grandfather loved her as his own. He loved the children as they came. My father, William, was the eldest. Great-grandfather was the patriarch of the family, wielding his paternal right to govern all who lived beneath his roof.

Everybody worked and all needs were met, with little money involved. When the boys reached the age of ten, they were given a gun, taught how to use and care for it. When the inevitable courting days arrived, great-grandfather gave each a horse and buggy. This created great rivalry as to their respective horses' racing ability, and many a race was run down the dirt road—but unknown to great-grandfather. In those days the rig was many times the deciding factor in attracting the courted young ladies. They vied with each other

as to whose beau drove the best rig. "Classy" was a later expression; and pity the girl who had no Sunday beau.

Great-grandfather later built another log house for another son, Uriah, and his family. It was on the wood lot, a quarter of a mile from the big house. Aunt Betsy, Uriah's wife, was a carpet-weaver and owned a loom. Since Colonial days the thrifty housewife had torn strips of rags, sewed them together, then rolled them into balls. We children were intrigued as we watched her deftly throw the shuttle back and forth. There were balls of solid colors, and balls of mixed colors called hit and miss. Weaving with imagination, she combined these colors, the result being an attractive carpet.

Through great-grandfather's wise planning and planting, the farm had become prosperous. It was the supply center for Uncle Uriah's family as well as his own. The huge walnut trees standing sentinel at either side of the wide entrance gate invited one to enter; and with the latching of the gate, an atmosphere of security prevailed.

Coal oil lamps had been in use for quite some time, but great-grandfather would have none of them. "Nonsense," he said. He had always made and used the candles. "I'll have none of those new-fangled lights. By Judas Priest, we'll use candles!" And we did! Great-grandfather had shoe lasts too—all sizes. But the children were getting modern ideas. They refused to wear the homemade shoes.

There were many outbuildings: the big barn, the granary, the carriage shed, and the smokehouse where hams and bacon were cured and hickory smoked. Ice was cut from the lake in winter and was stored in the sawdust-packed icehouse. The privy back of the woodhouse was an ideal place where one could read the latest novel undisturbed.

Beehives were in the apple orchard. Great-grandfather loved working with the bees and he needed no protection from them.

There were many red squirrels. They were noisy, mischievous little fellows. They scampered along the rail fence and chattered when they saw him coming, knowing he was their friend, for there were always nuts in his pocket. He cracked them, picked out the meats, and the squirrels would eat out of his hand.

The old homestead was great-grandfather's domain. He seldom left the place. There were no phones—friends and kin folks came unannounced.

During the hunting season the men folks went hunting; and in the summer days, worms were dug, a wholesome lunch was packed, and off everyone drove to the lake—the men to fish, the women to visit.

The big yellow harvest apples usually ripened early in the summer, as did the blackberries. One fine morning the berrying season would start by great-grandfather saying: "Julia, you know I saw some berries down the lane a few days ago—almost ripe, too. Give those two whippersnappers some buckets. They may as well be picking berries as thinking up devilment." The whippersnappers meant Lew, Jr. (two years older than I) and me. So off we went, each with a gallon bucket. We found berries growing along the fences and in great profusion in the fence corners. As we welcomed any excuse for going to the woods, we remembered they were more plentiful and much bigger there. One day after working our way deep into one of the patches, I reached for some particularly large ones, and there coiled in the bushes was a spotted adder! I was barefoot, but in no time at all I was out of the thicket. It was later that I discovered the deep scratches on my legs. Going home, we spied the horses in the pasture lot. "Beat you to a horse," Lew yelled. The berries were dropped; the race was on. We drove the horses into the fence corner where we mounted them and raced around the field.

Poor little city kids!

And threshing time! Neighbor women came the day before the threshers, wearing their fine-checked gingham aprons, elaborately cross-stitched in intricate designs. "To eat like a thresher" was a well-known expression which was well understood after the first experience of feeding them. The women laughed and talked as they cooked and baked. A threshing crew consisted of about eighteen men, too many to be seated at one table, which necessitated a first and second sitting. We were up before daybreak and were delighted when we saw the threshing machine, drawn by a steam engine, as it labored clumsily along the road and turned in through the wide gate.

Threshing was a fascinating operation. A steady hum was heard which announced that work had begun. The sheaves disappeared down the broad throat of the monster. The bundles were pitched to the self-feeder where a whirling cylinder shelled out most of the grain. Great-grandfather would pick up a handful of wheat, run it

lovingly through his fingers, and wonder how many bushels it would yield to the acre. "Looked like a right good stand," he would say. Quite often the threshers would not finish in a day, in which event they slept in the hay loft in the barn.

Fall found the cellar full to bursting. The bins were filled with potatoes, onions, and apples. Along one side of the wall were the barrels of cider, vinegar, sauerkraut, and salt pork. Pork loins and sausages which had been fried were packed in stone jars and the fat turned over them. They kept fresh all winter. Shelves were crowded with jars of fruit and pickles. Ears of popcorn and medicinal herbs hung from the rafters. Let winter come!

And winter did come. There would dawn that first gray day, and as it progressed the sky grew darker and darker. A deep hush was upon the country side—the lull before the storm. Great-grandfather went to the barn; the horses and cattle had to be fed, and the mangers filled with hay. "Might be snowed in by morning," he declared. It was getting colder by the minute. "Yes," he continued, "starting to spit snow now. You two whippersnappers fill up the wood boxes." There was an air of excitement and expectancy. Then around the corners of the house would come shrill shrieks as the wind whistled and gathered momentum. The storm was upon us. It raged all through the night, but the following day the wind subsided, and great soft flakes of snow tumbled through the air, piling the snow deeper and deeper. The whippersnappers were restless, moving from one window to another, watching for signs of a break which did not come until the following morning. When we awakened, a dazzling, glittering expanse of snow enveloped the landscape. The fences were nowhere to be seen. With shouts of glee we grabbed our caps with the ear flaps, mittens, coats, and overshoes. There was work to be done. Paths were shoveled to the barn and woodshed. My remembrance is that the only help we gave was that of shouting and snowballing. But once the paths were broken, our chore was to keep the wood box filled. In our home-made sled we hauled countless loads of wood through the snow trenches to feed the hungry stoves.

The second day after the storm subsided found the men laboriously opening up the roads with snow plows. Our isolation was over. After a check-up of neighbors, life resumed its normal tempo.

After the first snowfall thoughts turned to trapping. The more adventurous hunters went to the Upper Peninsula. But the small trapper worked with his dogs and traps and took his pelts to the general store where he traded them for food and clothing. At the end of the season the merchant sent the stock he had accumulated to St. Louis, or some other large trading post.

The aristocrat of the dog world was the hunting dog. On the farm that meant old Jumbo, a large brown and black hound with wise, sorrowful eyes. Dad told of the time Jum took him and two of his brothers on a three-day fox hunt. And was grandmother worried when they did not come back? No siree, not grandmother! An apprehensive neighbor asked when she expected them back. "When Jum runs down the fox," she answered. That dog loved to follow the men. Who knew when they would take off with their guns? One day they went to the woods to fell trees and, as usual, Jum was with them. He was growing old and his many hunting experiences had left their scars. A tree toppled and fell on him, breaking his back. When Dad rushed over to him, Jum, with his eyes, begged to be relieved of his suffering. Who could deny such a request? We hear much talk about facing life and death, of being realistic. Our pioneer ancestors neither thought nor talked of it—but, of necessity, practiced it.

Winter brought the church suppers, box lunches, and square dancing. There were always a few fiddlers and some callers to be found among the country folks. The people arrived in cutters and bobsleds, snugly tucked in with their buffalo robes, with a warm soapstone at their feet. There was much excitement at the sound of the sleigh-bells on the cold, clear air, and shouts of joy and laughter as they piled out. There were large pans of popcorn, baskets of apples, and jugs of cider on the table. Oyster stew was served at midnight. Then back to the call of the do-si-do and allemond left. The day of the baby sitter had not yet arrived. But babies were no handicap, they were brought along and bedded down for the night.

Sugaring time was even better than blackberrying; almost as good as fishing. The sap stirred early in the legs of country girls and boys; about the time that great-grandfather discovered sap was running in the maples. The snow was still one or two feet deep in the woods. The oxsled was used to make a road to the sugar camp. Sap buckets

were scalded and sunned, then put on the sled and the campaign was on. The bare branches of the trees allowed the sun to reach the ground, and the snow was soon softening. The trees were tapped, a spout driven into the trunk, and the buckets were hung under them. There was a steady drip, drip, drip; sometimes almost a steady little stream, but, on the whole, slowly. The camp was made; the shanty covered with boughs, and in front of it two enormous logs were rolled close together; and a fire was built between them. The kettles were hung over the fire, which was never allowed to go out. Night and day someone was busy feeding it, watching that the kettles did not boil over, and keeping them filled. The liquid thickened and was reduced to syrup, then it was taken out to cool and settle until it could be "sugared off." The dog enjoyed it, too, except when someone poured some of the syrup on the snow, where it congealed and formed a sticky wax substance. The dog would jump for it and seize it with much glee, but his expression soon changed when he found that he could not open his jaws. He ran around in circles, dashed back and forth into the woods, but he couldn't howl. Finally the lump of congealed sugar dissolved and the dog was freed of his predicament.

After "sugaring" one spring, great-grandfather stooped more than usual and leaned heavier and heavier on his cane. And as the trailing arbutus, Johnny-jump-ups, jack-in-the-pulpits, and violets greeted the world again, he quietly left us.

For years I had thought of our family as being poor. We were not poor, but rich; rich in our way of life; rich in all fundamental things. It is well to ponder on these things for, in so doing, faith is renewed. This is a testimony of gratitude for the heritage left me by great-grandfather.

Fredrika Bremer's Visit to Michigan

Adrian Jaffe

IT IS EXACTLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THAT THE ENGLISH translation of Fredrika Bremer's letters from America appeared in London under the title *Homes of the New World*,¹ but in the course of the century the memory of this independent, intelligent Swedish woman has faded, and only small attention has been paid to a work which was widely read in Europe and which was influential in shaping European conceptions of America and of American culture. Such interest as has been shown in Miss Bremer's letters has been in the main directed to her charming and informative accounts of her conversations with Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom she admired,² and of her meetings with the writers of the Concord group. It seems fitting, therefore, to call attention to the visit to Michigan which Miss Bremer made in 1850 as part of a journey which took her to Chicago and other western points.

Born in Finland in 1801, Fredrika Bremer early demonstrated an unusual facility in writing, producing a series of poems at the age of eight. Her forte, however, was to be in the field of the novel, in which she combined a keen sense of narrative with a profound interest in the problems of women in society. Her first novel, *Familjen H.*, appeared in 1831, followed in 1834 by *Presidentens dottrar* and in 1837 by *Grannaine*. In 1849 she came to the United States for an extensive sojourn of over a year, in the course of which she conversed with the leading literary figures of the period and took careful note of the various aspects of our society, with particular emphasis upon the sociological and cultural conditions she found here. In 1858 Miss Bremer published a major novel on the theme of the emancipation

¹*Hemmen i den Nya världen*. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt, *Homes of the New World* with subtitle *Impressions of America*. 3 volumes (London, 1853).

²In Letter ix, dated Boston, January 22, 1850, Miss Bremer writes in part: "I must tell you about Concord, and the Sphinx in Concord, Waldo Emerson, because I went to Concord five days ago, attended by—himself. . . . Whatever it was, I sate, weak with fever and dejected in mind." In another account of Emerson, Miss Bremer speaks of the "iron ore which runs through everything that Emerson says or writes, because it is the life of his life." *Homes of the New World*, I:160.

of women, *Far och dotter*. After further travel, which took her throughout Europe and to Palestine, she died in 1865. In her freedom of action, her spirited curiosity, and her literary work, Fredrika Bremer was in many ways an example of the progressive woman whose cause she constantly championed.

On September 15, 1850, Miss Bremer wrote an epistolary account from Chicago of her visit to Detroit and Ann Arbor. Her letter,³ written with grace and charm, provides an interesting picture of these two cities as they appeared to an alert foreign observer.

Sept. 15, 1850 [Chicago]. At four o'clock in the afternoon . . . we reached Detroit, a city first founded by the French upon that narrow strait between the Lakes Erie and St. Clair, which separates Michigan from Canada. The shores as seen from the vessel appeared to be laid out in small farms consisting of regular allotments surrounded by plantations. The land seemed to me low but fertile, undulating hill and valley. Detroit is, like Buffalo, a city where business-life predominates, yet still it looked to me pleasanter and more friendly than Buffalo. I saw at the hotel some tiresome catechisers, and also some very agreeable people, people whom one could talk well and friendly with, and whom one could like in all respects. Among these I remember in particular the Episcopal Bishop of Michigan,⁴ a frank, excellent, and intelligent man; and a mother and her daughters. . . . The people of Detroit were for the rest pleased with their city and their way of life there, pleased with themselves and with each other.

The following evening we were at Anne Arbour [sic], a pretty little rural city. Here also I received visitors, and was examined as usual. . . . In Anne Arbour also the people were much pleased with themselves, their city, its situation, and way of life. The city derived its name from the circumstance that when the first settlers came to the place they consisted principally of one family, and whilst the woods were felled and the land ploughed, the labourers had no other dwelling than a tent-like shed of boughs and canvas, where the mother of the family, "Anne," prepared the food, and cared for the comfort of all. That was the domestic hearth; that was the calm haven where all the labourers found rest and refreshment under the protection of Mother Anne. Hence they called the tent Anne's Arbour or Bower, and the city, which by degrees sprung up around it, retained the name.⁵ And with its neat homes and gardens upon the green hills and slopes the little city looked indeed like a peaceful retreat from the unquiet life of the world.

³*Homes of the New World*, Letter xxiv, 2:204-7.

⁴Samuel Allen McCoskry, Episcopal Bishop of Michigan from 1836 to 1878.

⁵See Florence Woolsey Hazzard, "Pioneer Women of Washtenaw County," in *Michigan History*, 32:183-89 (June, 1948).

Miss Bremer then goes on to describe the lovely wild flowers which she saw on the road between Ann Arbor and Chicago and closes her letter with some interesting comments upon the liberal legislation in Michigan. In particular she takes issue with the abolition of capital punishment in the state, feeling that crime and immorality have been thereby fostered rather than discouraged.

The legislation is of the most liberal description, and it has abolished capital punishment in its penal code. Nevertheless I heard of crime having been committed in this State, which deserved death, or at least imprisonment for life, if any crime does deserve it. A young man of respectable family in Detroit, during a hunt, had shot clandestinely and repeatedly at another man, his best friend, merely to rob him of his pocket-book. He had been condemned, for an attempt to murder, which he acknowledged, only to twenty years' imprisonment. And in prison, he was visited by young ladies, who went to teach him French and to play on the guitar! One of these travelled with me on the railroad. She spoke of the young prisoner's "agreeable demeanor!" There is a leniency towards crime and the criminal which is disgusting, and which proves a laxity of moral feeling.

We might take issue with Miss Bremer's view of Michigan penology as based upon insufficient evidence and trust that not all malefactors in 1850 were provided with such excellent courses in language and the practical arts. It is rewarding, none the less, to learn how Michigan appeared a century ago to this educated Swedish novelist, and important to remember that this is the picture which many Europeans had of the state and its people.

French Press in Michigan

Georges J. Joyaux

THOUGH THE ACTUAL POLITICAL SWAY OF FRANCE over the Great Lakes area virtually ended with the eighteenth century, the impact of French culture continued to be felt in what was then called the West for the following two centuries. Since, as it is well known, this part of the United States never attracted in subsequent years a large number of French immigrants, one must look elsewhere for the means by which the flame lighted in this area by the Marquettes, the Nicolets, the Cadillacs, and others was kept alive. If today French influence is no longer strong—at least when compared to German or Finnish influence in Michigan or Scandinavian influence in Wisconsin and Minnesota—it is true, nevertheless, that throughout the nineteenth century a fierce struggle was carried on by the French to retain the cultural stake in the Midwest that they had planted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The elements of this French force were, on the whole Canadian immigrants from the province of Quebec, who brought along with them in their westward move the traditions, language, and mores of the original fatherland.

French Canadian migration to the United States was particularly strong in the second half of the nineteenth century. The Canadians, lured by the greater opportunities offered in the United States, migrated in rather large numbers in the forties and fifties. During the Civil War many Canadians who fought on the side of the North witnessed the industrial boom of the postwar years. As a result still greater numbers of Canadian emigrants flooded the United States during the seventies and eighties, seemingly attracted to two particular areas. In the New England States, where the textile industry had received a tremendous boost following the Civil War, the French Canadian emigrants saw an opportunity to work at high wages, save their money, and then return home. In the Great Lakes area, a natural outlet of the St. Lawrence River, the rapidly developing timber and mining industries attracted many more: "The area around Lake Superior, because of its healthy climate, the large amount of water, its picturesque nature, and its mineral wealth, has always been a

center of attraction for Franco-Canadian immigrants."¹ According to figures given by Téléphore St. Pierre, the population of French origin in Michigan increased to 15,000 in 1841, 20,000 in 1850, 40,000 in 1870, and 80,000 in 1890.² Today their number is estimated at three hundred thousand by Pierre Eudore Mayrand, the editor of *Le Courrier du Michigan*.³

The best evidences of this Canadian migration are found in the approximately thirty-three French language newspapers which have appeared in Michigan at various times during the period 1809-1919.⁴ It is clear from a study of surviving newspaper files that the French element in the population of Michigan never simply waited to be assimilated into the American melting pot, but instead made a strong attempt to keep alive its natural culture, using the newspaper as a means of retaining and perpetuating it.

The only French newspaper published today in the state of Michigan is *Le Courrier du Michigan*. This paper, abandoned by the French element it intended to serve, has a very limited circulation. It has lasted only because of the devotion of its editor. The assimilation, if the fate of the French press is an indication, has evidently been very successful. The French papers have vanished with the disappearance of that culture and language of which they were the interpreters.

In New England, however, the French-language newspaper has met with greater success. These states still publish in French such well-known daily papers as *L'Etoile* of Lowell, Massachusetts; *L'Indépendant* of Fall River, Massachusetts; *Le Messenger* of Auburn and Lewiston, Maine; and such weeklies as *Le Travailleur* of Worcester, Massachusetts. It is not my intention, however, to explain in this paper why the New England states have succeeded in insuring "la survivance de la langue et de la race française en terre américaine"⁵

¹*Le Franc-Pionnier* (Lake Linden), 10 mai, 1875.

²Téléphore St. Pierre, *Histoire des Canadiens du Michigan*, 217, 220, 246 (Montreal, 1895).

³According to the letterhead of *Le Courrier du Michigan*.

⁴This number may not be absolutely accurate, since it is very difficult to find any trace of some of these newspapers. See Georges J. Joyaux, "The French Press in Michigan: a Bibliography," in *Michigan History*, 36:260-78 (September, 1952). In the case of many of these publications, all that could be established was the title.

⁵*France-Amérique* (New York), 24 février, 1952. Quoted from *L'Etoile* (Lowell).

where Michigan failed. At first glance it seems clear that the proximity of the French Canadian motherland, the province of Quebec, made the task of the New Englander immigrants somewhat easier.

Furthermore it would be equally interesting to find out why, though the French failed to maintain a tradition of separate culture in Michigan, the Germans in Michigan and the Scandinavians in Minnesota and in Wisconsin seem to have been successful in preserving theirs. Several German-language newspapers still appear in Detroit, and in the Upper Peninsula there exists both a Finnish newspaper and a Finnish college. Commenting on this situation, Judge Frank A. Picard of the United States District Court, a regular contributor to *Le Courrier du Michigan*, declared:

We have not, of course, been as tenacious as the Germans in holding to our language, or in teaching it in the schools, but when you look at it from the angle of patriotism and duty, I think you can draw the conclusion that the French people who have come here have realized the significance of the oath of allegiance they took. . . .⁶

It is doubtful whether such an explanation accounts for the failure of the French element in the Middle West to preserve its tradition and language. Other reasons must be taken into consideration. Not the least important of these is the fact that direct migration from France to America has never been large, and is especially small to the Middle West, particularly when compared to the direct migrations from Germany and Scandinavia. The task of preserving and propagating French culture in the Midwest has been left to the Franco-Canadians alone. They put up strong resistance to complete Americanization, but without the support of fresh reinforcements from the mother country they were eventually absorbed.

Equally important is the attitude of the French immigrant. He usually came to America as an individual—a single person, or at most a family—in contrast to the mass migrations of the Germans or Scandinavians for example. Once in the newly adopted country, the Germans tended to join in organized German settlements, or if there were none, created ones of their own, each complete with a school house, newspaper and turnverein. The French immigrant on the other hand naturally tended to accept his new way of life and his new neighbors, and to melt into it. Ralph Leslie Rusk, in his *Litera-*

⁶*Le Courrier du Michigan* (Detroit), 21 octobre, 1948.

ture of the Middle Western Frontier, explaining the failure of the early French settlers "to exert a perceptible influence on the growth of European culture in the West," declared: "The Frenchman, always more quick to adapt himself to his environment, succumbed to the charm of savage life,"⁷ and soon was absorbed by it.

A third reason may be the general lack of organization characteristic of the French people as a whole, and apparently characteristic to a certain extent of the French Canadian as well. Since they migrated as individuals, without the Teutonic sense of group organization, as a rule they made no attempt to establish exclusive French settlements. Moving often in different circles, in different milieux, transplanted French or French Canadians usually managed to disappear in the mass. Thus a contributor to *Le Courrier du Michigan*, voicing the lack of organization of his countrymen, exclaimed: "Qu'est-ce qui se passe chez nos frères du Michigan? Il est bien rare que nous ayons des échos de leurs activités."⁸

It is not the intention of this paper to discuss all the French newspapers that have appeared in Michigan. Such a task would require far more time and much more exhaustive evidence than I have at my disposal. The chief aim of this paper is to draw attention to the scope, distribution, circulation, and contents of the more important French-language press in the state of Michigan—a somewhat neglected aspect of Michigan history.

Thus far I have been able to discover a total of thirty-three French-language periodicals published in Michigan from 1809 to 1919, a span of 110 years.

In view of the large Canadian immigration of the 1870's, 1880's, and 1890's, the majority of them were published during these three decades. While only five appeared before the Civil War, and six after the turn of the nineteenth century, twenty-two of them appeared in the period 1869-96, clear evidence of the strength of the French-speaking element then settled in the state. Geographically the distribution of these papers is as follows: Detroit, 17; Bay City, 7; Lake Linden, 3; Marquette, 2; Muskegon, 2; Ludington, 1; and Saginaw, 1.

⁷Ralph Leslie Rusk, *Literature of the Middle Western Frontier*, 1:6, 7 (New York, 1926).

⁸"What is the matter with our countrymen in Michigan? Seldom do we have news of their activities." Joyaux, "The French Press in Michigan," in *Michigan History*, 36:267, 269, 273-75.

From these figures, it is possible to draw an admittedly general picture of the distribution of the French element in Michigan over the period involved. The first center and by far the most important was Detroit, where seventeen French-language newspapers originated. That the larger metropolis would attract a large share of the immigrants in quest of work employment in a rapidly developing industrial center might be expected. In the Upper Peninsula, Lake Linden and Marquette formed another center of Franco-Canadian population. There the attraction was evidently the timber and mining industries, the latter located around Lake Linden. The third area of large French settlement was the Saginaw Valley, particularly near the Lake Huron coast; in Bay City on the lake shore seven such papers were published, the second largest number in the whole state. It is interesting to notice that in all cases, with the exception of Saginaw, these newspapers originated in lake port cities. On the whole it appears therefore that the French Canadians in Michigan were spread along the shore of the bordering lakes.

The life of these papers varied from a few weeks, such as *L'Echo des États-Unis* of Detroit or *Le Souvenir* of Bay City, to several years, such as *Le Patriote* of Bay City or *Le Courrier du Michigan* of Detroit.⁹ The oldest, *Le Courrier du Michigan*, with a life span of forty years, and the next oldest, *Le Patriote*, which lasted for about twenty years, were published in the two cities where the largest number of such newspapers originated, thus giving further evidence of the importance of the French element in those two population centers.

In looking at the early issues of these newsheets, the reader is struck by one characteristic they all seem to share; none of them, actually, was associated with any organized settlement of French Canadian immigrants. As a rule they were founded, as most of them consistently avow, to combat the complete Americanization of their countrymen. In no case were they founded as long-range projects associated with the French Canadian immigrants, or intended to serve as an outlet for literary, cultural, or social thought. The existence around them of several other foreign-language newspapers made these French pioneers still more aware of the necessity of a French-language newspaper as the best means of checking the denationalization of the

⁹Rusk, *Literature of the Middle Western Frontier*, 1:7.

French Canadian. Thus in the first issue of *Le Citoyen* of Detroit, published on May 4, 1850, the editor declared:

When glancing around us, we notice that the origin to which we belong is placed in a most precarious situation. Surrendered as we are by large groups of immigrants, each of which runs its own newspaper, we witness daily the dismantling of our nationality by neglecting our own tongue to adopt the language of the country.¹⁰

Likewise, in 1926, Pierre Eudore Mayrand, in celebrating the fourteenth anniversary of the foundation of his *Courrier du Michigan*, acknowledged: "C'est en 1912 qu le journal fut fondé à Lake Linden . . . à une époque où la pénurie de périodiques en langue française se faisait cruellement sentir."¹¹ Similar explanations are found in the introductory editorials of most of these newspapers.

Besides their common goal, the perpetuation of French language and tradition, these newspapers were also characterized by a common and intense religious feeling. Their efforts to preserve the existence of a French culture were to be accomplished "en ne séparant jamais la langue maternelle d'avec la foi ancestrale."¹² They felt that their aims would be best attained by regrouping the scattered elements of Canadian population around the parish, the center of city or country life in French Canada. While it is true that the French and French Canadian Americans did keep close ties with their traditional Catholicism, they were never successful in transplanting to Michigan the tightly organized religio-social community life of Quebec. Nor did their exhortations to favor in all possible ways the traditional language, French, while English was to be learned only because it is "indispensable," enable the newspapers to prevent its slow disappearance.¹³ With every decade a new journal appeared, earnestly dedicated to the preservation of the French language. In every case it soon disappeared, failing to attract enough subscribers to maintain its subsistence.

Though far from being the most prominent of these papers, since it was first of all an English-language paper with only some sections

¹⁰*Le Citoyen* (Detroit), 4 mai, 1850.

¹¹"It is in 1912 that this paper was started in Lake Linden . . . at a time when the lack of a French-language paper was deeply felt." *Le Courrier du Michigan*, 15 juin, 1926.

¹²*Le Courrier du Michigan*, 15 juin, 1926.

¹³*La Tribune* (Saginaw), 4 février, 1892.

in French, the *Michigan Essay* of Detroit deserves special mention. It was the first periodical ever published in Michigan Territory. It was started on August 31, 1809, under the editorship of Jacques Miller of Ithaca, New York.¹⁴ It was intended to be a weekly and sold at the rate of \$5 a year. It seems to have lasted for four issues. Of these only the first seems to have been preserved.¹⁵ The bulk of the French material in this issue consisted of an excerpt from Jean Francois de La Harpe, praising Francis de Salignac de La Mothe-Fenelon, a parable of Jean de La Fontaine's fable "Le laboureur et ses enfants," and of a list of French books—all of a religious nature—on sale at the "Imprimerie de Détroit."

Le Franc-Pionnier was the first French language newspaper published in Lake Linden. It appeared weekly from June to December, 1875, under the direction of François X. Thibault, a young Canadian immigrant recently settled in the area.¹⁶ The leitmotiv of the paper was "In union there is strength," for as Thibault explained in the first number, "le plus faible s'anéantit par dégné au bénéfice du plus fort."¹⁷ The aims of the undertaking he summed up in his editorial of the first issue:

To unite us like the members of a same family.

To cultivate our beautiful mother tongue.

To maintain our ties with our Motherland.

To cooperate for the propagation and the strengthening of those Catholic principles which our worthy missionaries have already so deeply implanted in the minds of the inhabitants of this territory.¹⁸

In the same city there appeared from 1889 to 1891 *L'Union Franco-Américaine*, which styled itself "the only and recognized organ of 10,000 French-speaking people in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan."¹⁹ Founded by a "private company with a capital of \$10,000,"²⁰ this weekly was edited by Télesphore St. Pierre, a Canadian journalist who soon abandoned his journalistic career to devote his time and efforts to the history of the Canadian emigrants in

¹⁴Joyaux, "The French Press in Michigan," in *Michigan History*, 36:272.

¹⁵This copy is available at the Burton Historical Collection in the Detroit Public Library.

¹⁶Joyaux, "The French Press in Michigan," in *Michigan History*, 36:269-70.

¹⁷*Le Franc-Pionnier* (Lake Linden), 10 mai, 1875.

¹⁸*Le Franc-Pionnier*, 10 mai, 1875.

¹⁹*L'Union Franco-Américaine* (Lake Linden), 9 janvier, 1890.

²⁰Alexandre Belisle, *Histoire de la Presse Franco-Canadienne aux Etats-Unis*, 123 (Worcester, 1911).

Michigan.²¹ Of all the French language papers I have been able to examine this one deserves special mention for its general distinction. One of the characteristic features of the paper was a series of short biographical sketches of the French pioneers who had discovered and settled North America. Aware that "for too long, we have neglected the study of Canadian history, and today our children hear praises and see displays only of what is English,"²² Téléphore St. Pierre undertook to make his countrymen aware of their glorious past, and to teach them "les vertus et les travaux de leurs ancêtres."²³ Among others, there appeared in this paper excellent brief portraits of Samuel de Champlain "le Fondateur de Québec," of Isaac Jogues, "le martyr Fondateur des Missions Iroquoises," of Jacques Marquette, of the Sieur de la Salle, of Louis Joseph de Montcalm,²⁴ and of others. St. Pierre also gave a great deal of space to news from Canada, and especially to the successful attempt of a faction of its parliament to abolish the official use of French in the Canadian Northwest. St. Pierre saw in that move the first step toward the complete abolition of French in Canada and warned his countrymen against it, seeing the future peril of the French language in Michigan. Besides recommending greater reliance on French as a medium of communication, he openly expressed his disapproval of those who anglicized their family names "de façon à les rendre méconnaissables."²⁵ In the words of a contributor, A. Lusignan, "Under no pretext whatsoever change or translate your name into English. That is the evil which corrodes some of us."²⁶

St. Pierre believed that another means to further the use of and develop the taste for the French tongue among the Canadian element in Michigan was to give them good reading material. Thus his paper published some short stories such as "Sieur George,"²⁷ an English tale written by George W. Cable and reproduced in a translation of Louis Fréchette; or "Rollan Pied-de-Fer," published in serial numbers. It also contained poetry, excerpts from the writings of well-

²¹Joyaux, "The French Press in Michigan," in *Michigan History*, 36:276-77.

²²*L'Union Franco-Américaine* (Lake Linden), 16 janvier, 1890.

²³*L'Union Franco-Américaine*, 16 janvier, 1890.

²⁴*L'Union Franco-Américaine*, 16 janvier; 11 février; 3, 10 mars; 3 avril, 1890.

²⁵*L'Union Franco-Américaine*, 3 avril, 1890.

²⁶*L'Union Franco-Américaine*, 24 juin, 1890.

²⁷*L'Union Franco-Américaine*, 9 janvier, 1890.

known French literary figures, such as Pierre Loti and Jean Baptiste Lacordaire; and reproductions of old Canadian songs. After eleven months St. Pierre was replaced by J. E. Rochon, who had previously been associated with *Le Patriote* of Bay City.

In the twentieth century, only six French papers appeared. Among them was *L'Ouest Français* of Detroit, published on Fridays in 1908. Only three copies seem to have been preserved of this periodical. These are dated October 9, October 16, and October 23, 1908.²⁸ The editor was Oswald La Belle. Like its precursors, the paper was founded: "in order to preserve and cultivate the French language in the United States, and more especially in the state of Michigan, which was discovered and settled by the French race."²⁹

The bulk of each issue consisted chiefly of local news and news from Canada. A rather interesting part of the paper was the so-called "Causerie Littéraire," which occupied a large section of the third page of the folio publication. Paul Caty was in charge of this section. In the third issue, he presented Alfred de Musset, "le poète de l'amour." The short biographical sketch of the author of "les nuits" was followed by a critical notice in which the critic declared: "Musset's works are not all worth reading, unless one has gone through a very serious moral preparation. Many pages are frivolous, not to say more."³⁰ Caty's article ended with a short bibliography of the significant material on Musset, and of those of his works which readers could safely peruse. In the next number, the literary page was devoted to Emile Zola, whose books "pretend to express the truth, but in fact only contain lies and calumnies." Caty expressed his regret at seeing the works of Zola in the public libraries of Detroit and Windsor so thoroughly thumbed. He added: "One can assert, without fear of being wrong, that these men are on the path to degradation." His conclusion, therefore, was clear: "None of Zola's works should be read. To read this writer is to corrupt the heart and the imagination."³¹

Le Courrier du Michigan, of all the French language publications of Michigan, has had the longest career. Started as a bimonthly

²⁸Joyaux, "The French Press in Michigan," in *Michigan History*, 36:273.

²⁹*L'Ouest Français* (Detroit), 9 octobre, 1908.

³⁰*L'Ouest Français*, 9 octobre, 1908.

³¹*L'Ouest Français*, 16 octobre, 1908.

periodical at Lake Linden in August, 1912, the paper is still published today, though irregularly, in Detroit. In spite of this fact, it does not seem to be the best known of the French-language newspapers; indeed, its long life cannot be explained in terms of its success, but only by the courage and devotion of its editor, Pierre Eudore Mayrand. Whatever the positive results of his undertaking, Mayrand is to be congratulated for his achievement, for besides the general lack of support from the French-speaking element, he has also encountered countless material difficulties, particularly after he moved the paper to Detroit in 1920. Commenting on Mayrand's dedication to his cause Adolphe Robert, a regular contributor to *Le Courrier du Michigan*, wrote in 1945: "We believe that the printing of this publication imposes sacrifices upon him, and that he continues it only because of his deep Franco-American patriotism."³²

Le Courrier du Michigan has followed in the steps of its predecessors. Like them it has always attempted to be the voice of the large French element settled in Michigan and its link with its Gallic heritage. However, in spite of the editor's contention that the French population of Michigan is 300,000, his paper has never reached more than an infinitesimal part of them; consequently, it gives one little evidence of a separate French cultural life in Michigan. In no way can it be compared to the dailies and weeklies which the German and Polish elements publish in Detroit for the use of their national groups.

Le Courrier du Michigan's columns are chiefly filled with local news, which is intended to awaken in its readers some sense of a common cultural background and to interest them in the doings of their countrymen throughout the territory. Mayrand is, on the whole, an able editor; furthermore, he has received valuable assistance from a very small nucleus of Detroiters of French descent, such as Adolphe Robert and Judge Frank A. Picard. In no way should Mayrand be held responsible for the lack of success met by his enterprise. He has done more than his share; and if in the long run he has been unable to check the decline of the French language in the Great Lakes area, the fault rests essentially with the French-speaking element itself.

³²*Le Courrier du Michigan* (Detroit), juillet, 1945.

For a long time no new French language newspaper has been started in this area. The last one to be established, *Le Petit Journal de la Pensée Française* of Detroit, appeared for only a short time in 1916. Furthermore, Pierre Eudore Mayrand himself acknowledges that he will be unable to continue the publication of his sheet much longer. It is clear, therefore, that the descendants of the first French settlers and of their French Canadian imitators were unable to protect the legacy of their forefathers. Despite their efforts, the all-powerful American melting pot engulfed the culture they brought to the wilderness.

The main reasons for the failure of the French and French Canadian immigrants to retain their cultural autonomy have already been suggested. Most important seems to have been the lack of organization of the various French-speaking elements scattered over the state. Secondly, the unconcern they manifested for the future of the legacy handed them by their ancestors was another reason for their failure to retain and perpetuate it. Finally, the geographical distribution of French Canadian settlers in Michigan, scattered as they were in small groups throughout the entire state, largely explains the inability of the numerous French-language newspapers to attract enough subscribers to carry on their mission. Their failure to create a cultural bond among French elements in the state gave the death blow to the hope, held by a few, that they might preserve and develop a unified and progressive Franco-American heritage. These facts, added to the recognized adaptability of Frenchmen, made them an easily assimilated ingredient in the melting pot, as is evidenced by their almost complete disappearance today as an autonomous cultural group.

Zachariah and Mary Nevitt Morgan: Two Charlevoix County Pioneers

Sarah L. J. McNeal

ZACHARIAH MORGAN WAS A NEGRO, born November 11, 1840, in Robison County, North Carolina.¹ His parents were George W. and Deliah Morgan, who were manumitted slaves. I never learned how many children this couple had, but I was acquainted with Zachariah, Nicholas, and Louisa.

Although Zachariah's parents were not slaves, they lived in fear their children would be stolen and sold for slaves, so they traveled in a covered wagon to northern Indiana and a little later to Canada.

The children had to work to help support the family, so could not go to school. But Zachariah and Nicholas were very anxious to learn to read and to know how to do arithmetic, so they took turns attending school and working to earn money. Each evening they would sit down together, and the one who had been at school would tell about the lessons, and they would study together. They never seemed to cease studying and were well-educated men when I lived near them.

The family lived in Canada until 1860. Much was being said about the government of Haiti offering great inducements for Negroes to go to Haiti. They would be given a place to live and all expenses would be paid for a length of time. So again the Morgans traveled, with others, to try and find a home where they could live without fear of the children being kidnapped. In the spring of 1860 they went to Haiti.

Now comes the interesting story of Mary Rebecca Nevitt Morgan. Her parents, James and Aramintha Nevitt, were slaves. They lived in Washington, D.C. James was owned by a wealthy woman, who allowed him to work for other people, giving her part of what he earned and keeping the remainder for himself. Aramintha was a bound girl. She would be released when she reached a certain age.

¹This account is based on family records, stories told by Mary Nevitt Morgan, and my personal knowledge of the family.

They had one baby, Mary Rebecca, born May 7, 1844. Aramintha would be released late in the summer after Mary was two years old. One morning as Aramintha prepared breakfast for the family, she sent little Mary into the dining room with a dish of hot pancakes. As the door swung open when Mary returned to the kitchen, Aramintha heard someone say, "I wonder if Minth expects to take Mary with her when she goes." Then she listened and learned that they considered Mary belonged to them since she was born before her mother was free. Aramintha knew she could never purchase her child from her mistress. So she went to her own father with this problem. He went to a white man named Corbett, a lawyer who was his friend. Mr. Corbett offered to try to purchase Mary "for my wife." The parents were to pay the purchase price and have the child when the mother was free. Mary was bought for the sum of \$200. James Nevitt paid this. He also paid Mr. Corbett's charge for the transaction.

When Aramintha was free and had little Mary with her, James was anxious for his freedom. He went to his owner and asked if he could buy himself. She asked how much he would pay her. He said \$300.; perhaps he could make it \$400. She rocked back in her chair and said, "Why James, the other day a nigger driver offered me \$800 for you. I told him that wouldn't even buy your big toe." James knew she would never free him. He talked it over with his wife and the Catholic priest who was Aramintha's advisor. James decided to run away. He would let Aramintha know where he was through correspondence with the priest.

So by way of the underground highway James reached New Bedford, Massachusetts. The priest would read his letters to Aramintha but would not let her have them for fear someone would find them. James got work and in a few months informed her he could get a home for her and Mary. The priest and Aramintha's father sent them to New Bedford where they had a home and were happy. Here another baby was born to them. When Mary was old enough she went to school and thought her life all sunshine.

One day in the summer of 1850 some slave owners came to New Bedford, found some escaped slaves and took them back to their plantations. Since James was an escaped slave, he was very much worried. He knew he would have to leave his family again. He told

his wife of his plans to go to Canada and again try to have a home. Mary could not understand why her parents cried in each other's arms.

That evening James took his little daughter to a store and bought her a pair of shoes, cloth for a new dress, and some candy. She was so proud and happy she forgot about her mother looking so sad. She kissed her parents goodnight and went to sleep not knowing that her father would leave in the quiet night and that it would be weeks before she could know anything about him.

Aramintha Nevitt could not tell Mary anything about her father for fear she might repeat it to her schoolmates and that her neighbors then would know he was a runaway slave. At last she heard from her husband and she and Mary went to him in Canada, not far from Quebec. Here Mary went to school to a Mrs. Hotchkiss, a former missionary, who, although she now lived on a farm with her husband and son, still wanted to do work with children, so taught them in her own home.

The Nevitt family lived in this place until the summer of 1860. Mary had studied almost constantly with Mrs. Hotchkiss and disliked very much leaving this friend who had done so much for her. But many stories were being told of the great advantages offered to Negroes who would go to Haiti and make homes, so the Nevitts sailed to Haiti. But, alas, there were no schools and no churches for these newcomers.

Thus both the Morgan and Nevitt families went to Haiti in the same year, 1860. These two families had much to do in getting schools and churches for the "Americans." Mary was hired to teach the children, and they all worked together to have religious services and homes.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Morgan did not like Haiti from the first year they were there, so as soon as they could they returned to the United States and made a home in Maryland.

Zachariah Morgan and Mary Nevitt were married in 1864, in Saint Mark, Haiti. Nicholas Edward Morgan was born July 28, 1865, in Saint Mark. James Z. Morgan was born October 30, 1867, in Gonaiver, Haiti. When James was born, they were living on the border line between the two factions wanting to rule or govern the island. One night they were wakened by the firing of guns. A

battle was on between the two factions. They hastily made their bed on the floor, where they lay hearing bullets break windows and crash through the thin walls of their home. As daylight came, all was quiet. They hastily gathered their belongings and took refuge in the English embassy.

Zachariah Morgan had received letters from his sister Louisa, who had married a Mr. Swan and was living in northern Michigan. She had urged him to leave Haiti and come where he could get a home almost free, so they decided to go to this sister. They went to Maryland where Mr. Morgan's parents lived, expecting to go on to Michigan. But money had to be earned to pay necessary expenses so they lived in Maryland until the early spring of 1870. A daughter, Charity Louisa, was born March 28, 1870, in Towsontown, Maryland.

They packed bedding and dishes and started on their journey in search of a new home. They went to Buffalo, New York, where they took passage on a ship sailing west on Lake Erie to Detroit, then north on Lake Huron through the Straits of Mackinac, south on Lake Michigan to Northport. The little town of Northport welcomed the Morgans and helped them. In a small sailboat the family and its belongings went to the mouth of Pine River, the outlet of Lake Charlevoix, the lake they must cross to reach the home of Mrs. Swan.

A small town was being built on the high bank of the river and on the hills surrounding a small lake, which reminds one of a diamond in a necklace, uniting the two ends of the river. Here, again, the people took them, this time in rowboats up the river, east to Lake Charlevoix. Mr. Morgan told the men there, that he wanted to go to his sister and her two sons at Undine. He was surprised to learn that she had recently married a man by the name of Burton, and was living on the south arm of the lake.² Louisa had written of her

²Louisa Swan Burton was the real pioneer in this family. Unfortunately neither the editor, the author, or other sources in Charlevoix County have been able to learn when Mrs. Burton came to the county. Mrs. McNeal writes that she "never met Mrs. Louisa Swan [Burton]. All I know is what Mrs. Mary Morgan told me. I cannot remember that I ever heard Mr. Swan's or Mr. Burton's names. Mrs. Swan had two sons. One was called Dovey. I met him at church with Nicholas and James Morgan. As Mrs. Mary Morgan told me that Mr. and Mrs. Swan came to this north land soon after her parents went to Hayti (sic) I think they came here in 1861 or 1862." Miss Harriet L. Kilborn of Petoskey made a thorough search of the existing printed and manuscript material but found no reference to Louisa Swan or Burton, or for that matter, any record of, pioneer families by the name of Swan or Burton. *Editor.*

husband's death, but her marriage was a surprise. So they were taken down the south arm near to the Burton home. When they reached it, there was much joy, laughter, and visiting.

The neighbors were invited in to hear their story and to get acquainted with the brother who had come from Haiti to Michigan to find a home. Some of the neighbors lived several miles away, but they came, and on learning the description of the land which Mr. Morgan had, where he was to make a home, began to help him plan how to reach it. Now the life of a pioneer really began for Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and their family.

The family of five was crowded into a small but friendly home with his sister and her husband and their family. They must begin a home for themselves. Two men went with Mr. Morgan in a flat-bottomed boat to find the place to build that home. These men knew what to take with them: food, blankets, axes, a woodsman's long cross-cut saw, ropes, chains, a gun, iron wedges, a large mallet, matches, and a few dishes. They rowed to the lake and followed the shore eastward to a place where two or three houses were built, which the people had named Advance.

It was wise to do this, for if something happened to any of them word for help could be easier sent to their families. A few miles farther east they came to the place where the men knew the Wilson Township line was near the lake. Then with compass and axes they found and blazed their way east two miles, and found the stakes and other markings that gave the location of the land that was homesteaded by Mr. Morgan. Here they cut down trees, cut them into logs the length wanted to build the house, and rolled them to where they wanted to build it.

Then with rope and handspikes, that is, stout sticks about eight feet long, flattened on one end so they would hold fast when put under a log, they began rolling the logs together to build the house. As it went up higher, the rope and a forked, long pole were used to pull and push the logs up long skids. The logs were placed in position and notches were cut in their ends so as to make them fit closer together and not slip or roll. When the cabin walls were high enough, they again cut down trees, this time hemlock trees, from which they peeled the bark, pressing it flat by placing short logs on it as they flattened out the pieces. While the bark was drying, they

cut the logs into the length needed to lay a floor. These logs were split with axes and iron wedges into slabs and placed on logs used as sills. They also cut a doorway in one side of the house and made a door of these same kind of slabs. No windows were cut out until after the family moved in late in May.

Although the house was not finished the family could live in it. So the men returned to their homes and Mr. Morgan to his family. The next day the family and their belongings were taken in row-boats to the place where they would have to walk the two miles through the woods to their new home. Nicholas helped James over the rough ground. Mrs. Morgan carried the baby and a basket. Mr. Morgan and the men with the boats carried the food and the most necessary things to the little log house waiting for them. The men could only make the one trip from the lake as they must return to their homes.

No one today can imagine the ceaseless, tiring work of the early pioneers of northern Michigan. Pioneers of the southern part of Michigan, of the states south and west, and those crossing the western plains traveled with covered wagons drawn by oxen or horses. Thus they had animals to help them cultivate the ground and raise crops. Hardly one in ten of the earliest settlers of northern Michigan brought an animal of any kind with him. Axes, saws, shovels, a hoe were their tools of labor. They made their chairs of blocks of wood and their beds of poles or slabs split from logs.

The Morgans had no more, and in some ways less, than those who came by the lake route. The ground where trees had been cut down must be cleaned of brush and leaves, the earth made loose with the shovel, and the potatoes and corn bought from Mrs. Swan's neighbors planted so they might have something to eat the next winter. Small spots of ground were also raked clean and a few garden seeds planted. Some flour must be had for food so Mr. Morgan walked to Charlevoix, about twenty-five miles away, to see if he could get food supplies. There he found a small store and bought flour, corn meal, brown sugar, lard, soda, and kerosene for the home. He purchased a harness made expressly for carrying loads on men's backs. It took two days to make the trip.

There were no roads, the footpaths often several miles apart were merely blazed trails. Those early pioneers lived in small, log shanties,

trying to make a home they could call their very own. They chopped down trees and burned the trunks and limbs so they could have more ground to plant when the next summer came. They cut and split small trees to chink the cracks between the logs of the house. Then they made plaster of clay, ashes, and water, and with a flat stick plastered over the chinks in order to close the space between the logs. Cooking was done out of doors in iron kettles and iron bakepan. The water came from a spring that seemed to bubble out of the hillside.

I have often wondered how these very earliest settlers earned money to purchase their food and clothing, yet I was a pioneer a few years later. It must be that the Heavenly Father Mr. and Mrs. Morgan so firmly believed in quietly watched over and directed their lives. The winter came, but thanks to the united labors of father, mother, and two little sons, summer and fall work was done, the house was warm, and plenty of wood was cut and piled near the door to burn in the cook stove Mr. Morgan had brought from Charlevoix. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were wont to sing as they worked, thus keeping their hearts happy; and they repeated scripture passages, or recited some poem they had learned. Sometimes when Mr. Morgan went to Charlevoix someone would give him an old newspaper or book to read. They had brought only their Bible with them and they read daily from that.

The spring of 1871 came with warm sunny days. One day as Mr. Morgan was cutting wood he saw a man coming up the path from the lake. He was carrying a gun, an ax, and a pack on his back. He was quite a welcome sight, as Mrs. Morgan and the boys had seen only three or four people since they had come to their home the last of May the year before. This man was looking for the land he had homesteaded at the land office. Mr. Morgan went with him and they located the land about five miles southeast of the Morgan place on the east shore of Deer Lake.

The man was John Sudman. He soon had his wife and four sons with him, and they made a home near the lake, and helped others in need of a friend. The place is still the Sudman home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller and sons, Hugh and James, had located on land close to the east end of Lake Charlevoix in the fall of 1858. They were really the first settlers in this section. They helped many others who came up the lake to locate a homestead. One day Mr.

Miller was walking along the beach with his sons when he came to a stream flowing into the lake. He went up the crooked, tumbling stream for a short distance admiring its clear, cold, rushing water. He and the boys drank from the stream. "Sure," he said, "you're like the dear old river near my home in Ireland and so I name you the River Boyne." For twenty miles this river tumbles and winds and rests sometimes as it comes out of the hills to the east of Lake Charlevoix. Daniel Taintor and his family came up the lake one day in the summer of 1870 seeking the location of their homestead. Mr. Miller helped locate the place three miles northeast on what is now the Wildwood Harbor Road.

In the summer of 1871 Mr. Morgan went to Charlevoix to work. Mrs. Morgan and the little boys took care of the potatoes and corn on the small patch of cleared ground. Several other homesteaders came that summer. Blazed trees marked the way from home to home, and footpaths began to show the pressure of feet on the earth as neighbors went to talk awhile with neighbors.

On January 21, 1872, another daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. They named her Mary Armintha for her mother and Grandma Nevitt. But she was called Minnie, as Charity Louisa was called Lulu. That winter Mr. Morgan worked to get things ready so he could work again in Charlevoix during the summer. Mrs. Morgan was anxious to have maple syrup and sugar and was very sure she and Nicholas could take care of it if Mr. Morgan would get things ready for them. So he cut and split logs about three feet long and hollowed them out with his ax so they would hold the sap that would run from the maple trees he would tap. Mrs. Morgan and Nicholas, who was then seven years old, gathered the sap from tree to tree, going through snow and over rough ground to pour it into two deep troughs that Mr. Morgan had hollowed out of long logs to hold the sap until it could be put in the kettles to boil. Five year old James took care of baby Minnie and Lulu, who was only two years old. Warmer days came, syrup making was over, but still there was work to do. The garden must be made, potatoes and corn planted, and ground cleaned of brush and raked clean for planting. They did all this gladly, because the money Mr. Morgan would earn was to buy a team and tools so they would never have to dig the earth to plant the crops.

Many more settlers had come and had made their homes near Deer Lake, or farther east, near the river. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan with other neighbors began to meet on Sundays and have Bible reading, singing, and prayer. They met at different homes for these services. During the week they cleared land, raised crops, or met together for a bee. The settlers commenced to buy cows, pigs, and chickens; and to raise more food to eat. Though they had to walk to Charlevoix for supplies, they were happy because they were building homes and their independence.

Rumors came that a railroad was going north from Cadillac to Bear River, now Petoskey, where a group of people had built a little colony of about forty homes. A railroad would mean an easier way for new settlers to reach the wilderness country. Food and clothing could be purchased. Surely a town would be built near the river. Yes and a town would be built at the head of the lake, at the mouth of the Boyne River. Mr. Morgan talked with John C. Nichols of Charlevoix, and they bought some land on the south side of the river. This they would sell, if, and when this little town they dreamed about, would commence to grow.

In 1874 the railroad came. A. D. Carpenter built a store, and several shanty houses were built for families of the men who worked on the railroad. Thus Boyne Falls was born. There need be no more walking to Charlevoix for supplies. Now, only a few miles away they could buy what they needed. They could send and receive the letters they had been without so long.

Soon a town was being built at the mouth of Boyne River. This town was named Boyne City. The land bought by Nichols and Morgan was platted into lots and streets and now is the best residential part of the town.

For some time Mr. and Mrs. Morgan had been busy in their desire to help the little children, their own and their neighbors. Through their efforts a school district was organized, officers elected, and plans made to build a schoolhouse. Mr. Morgan was one of the officers. He was also the one asked to oversee the erection of the building. So on the terrace a little above the lake a log building on what is now Elm Street became the first schoolhouse. In 1874 the little prayer-meeting society at Deer Lake was organized as a Methodist society. Soon they began holding their meetings in the schoolhouse

in Boyne City. Mr. Morgan was an officer in the church as long as he lived.

In all civic improvements Mr. Morgan took an active part. A saw-mill was erected at the mouth of Boyne River. The timber close by furnished logs for the lumber that was needed to build new homes and business places for the town. Mr. Morgan had a brickyard that helped in this building rush. A frame schoolhouse was built near the center of the town. This building was soon too small, and a four-room brick building was built. The first class was graduated in June, 1888. Lulu and Minnie Morgan were in this class of five students. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan's children were all pupils of the Boyne City schools and helpers in the church.

Mr. Morgan had built a very nice home on his farm, barns for his farm animals, and buildings for farm tools. He died March 3, 1894, leaving a family of nine children.

In September, 1949, the First Methodist Church of Boyne City celebrated its diamond anniversary. Mrs. Morgan, the only living charter member was the guest of honor. She was taken to the front of the church and seated in an upholstered easy chair. During the service she was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses and greeted by all the congregation. At that time she was one hundred and five years of age. Mrs. Morgan was the kindest of women, helping those in need, nursing sick friends, and helping children to live full useful lives.

After her home was destroyed by fire several years before this, Mrs. Morgan lived in a small house not far from her old home. Her one hundredth birthday was a real celebration. More than two hundred friends called to pay their respects and wish her well. Her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren from Boyne City, Flint, Mt. Clemens, Muskegon, Lansing, Ann Arbor, Cleveland, Fort Wayne, and Chicago were there to visit her. They sang the old songs she loved, recited the poems she had taught them, gave her gifts, and served cake and tea to all who came to see their mother. Her children and her friends marked May 7 as a special day to visit her. Her son, James Morgan, now eighty-five years of age and her daughter, Minnie Morgan Wiggins, seventy-nine years old, lived with her.

A short time after my story was finished I received word that Mary Nevitt Morgan was dead. On the afternoon of March 9, 1951, Mrs.

Morgan wanted to lie down as she was "very tired." She smiled and closed her eyes to rest. She was 106 years, ten months, and two days old. She was buried from the Boyne City Methodist Church, with services conducted by the Rev. Henry Alexander. Businessmen were her pallbearers. The church was filled with friends from the surrounding places, from distant cities in southern Michigan, from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The city and county officials attended, thus honoring the memory of past public services of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. Business places were closed during the service hour in honor of the woman who had spent eighty years giving help and friendship to make this a pleasant place in which to live. She is buried in Maple Lawn Cemetery near her old home.

Mrs. Morgan left seven children, fifteen grandchildren, thirty-seven great-grandchildren, and nine great-great-grandchildren to be proud of the mother, who despite hardships and sorrow, kept her faith in God, and lived her life doing for others as she would like to have others do for her or for her many friends.

This is the simple story of one family who helped change a dense silent forest into pleasant homes, good roads, good churches, and good schools.

The Underground Railroad at Schoolcraft

Edited with an Introduction by Alexis A. Praus

IN 1892 GREAT PREPARATIONS WERE IN PROGRESS for the World's Columbian Exposition. Women throughout the land took a great interest, of course, in all that was being done. Isabella Clubs were formed for the purpose of studying the life and time of Columbus and especially the history of Spain at that period.

Mrs. Lucinda Hinsdale Stone conceived the idea of having a book written by Michigan women to be called, after the Spanish Queen, "The Isabella Book." Contributions were solicited from all women of Michigan who had done anything in their lives worthy of record. Mrs. Pamela S. Thomas of Schoolcraft was asked to be one of the contributors and wrote an article on the subject assigned to her: "A short sketch of her early life in Michigan, more particularly her experience as hotelkeeper on the Underground Railroad." Apparently the "Isabella Book" did not proceed much further than her article.

Many years later the author's daughter, Miss Ella Thomas, deposited a handwritten copy of the original manuscript with the Kalamazoo Public Library. Mrs. Thomas' manuscript is said to have been destroyed sometime after 1925.

Mrs. Thomas' account of the Underground Railroad was printed as an addendum to her husband's autobiography which was printed at his expense for members of the Thomas family in 1925. The booklet in which her experiences appear is, Nathan M. Thomas, *An Account of His Life*, written by himself. It was published by Stanton B. Thomas, a son, at Cassopolis. Only one copy of this booklet is known in the Kalamazoo area. It is thought that three other booklets may be in the possession of Thomas' descendants living in the states of New York, Illinois, and Washington.

Dr. Nathan Thomas was the first doctor in Kalamazoo County and the second one to practice medicine in southwestern Michigan. He was born in Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, in 1805, and came to Prairie Ronde twenty-seven years later. He married Pamela S. Brown (1816-1909), sister of E. Lakin Brown, at Schoolcraft in March, 1840. Dr. Thomas was active in many phases of the abolitionist movement. The work

of his wife and himself in the Underground Railroad is described in the following article.

Some changes were made in editing the manuscript belonging to the Kalamazoo Public Library in order to make it conform to modern usage. In a few instances, sentences were slightly altered for clarity and better form.

A STATION ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

Pamela S. Thomas

I came to Schoolcraft in 1833, when sixteen years of age. We left Vermont May 23d, arriving here June 15th. The last time that I was in New England we were twenty-six hours making the journey.

When I reached Prairie Ronde, most of the land was in its natural state, the tall grass and wild flowers gave beauty to the landscape. This was four and a half years after the first settlement in this county. The fields, already under cultivation, gave promise of bountiful harvests, which were more than realized.

I came with my sister, Mrs. James Smith, and her family. Mr. Smith had selected Prairie Ronde for his future home three years before and had sent a stock of dry goods to be sold by a partner. My brother, the Hon. E. Lakin Brown, had been in Michigan for nearly two years. He was also a partner in business with Mr. Smith. Upon arrival, we moved into small rooms adjoining the log store building. No one but a pioneer can realize how we lived, with a family of six children and from eight to ten grown people, in such a small space. With a stove that could bake but one loaf of bread at a time, cookery was scarcely a fine art. In a few months a new store was built, the large room vacated, and a huge fireplace with its bright fire made ready for our use. Then times were better.

Mr. Smith was very hospitable, often taking to his home new settlers with their families, until they could provide homes for themselves elsewhere.

I well remember an incident that occurred at the time of the removal to the new store. I am sorry to say that they sold ardent spirits as well as dry goods and groceries. There was an Indian

reservation [Nottawa-seepe (1821-1833)] a few miles east of Schoolcraft and many Indians were among their customers. It was a common thing to have our kitchen filled with hungry half-clad Indians, squaws, and papooses. The mothers often had five or six holes in each ear, with a glittering bauble dangling from each and quantities of beads and other bright ornaments around their necks. When they had no whiskey, they were usually quiet and peaceable. When intoxicated, they often became quarrelsome and sometimes dangerous.

On taking possession of the new store, my brother said, "I will not sell a drop of whiskey to Indians from this time." A stormy scene ensued with the Indians who made loud and many remonstrances. He always adhered to his resolution. And, I think, now in his honored old age of eighty-three years, he does not regret that action, nor any such based on principle.

In the winter of 1833-1834 there was no place for holding public meetings. The old store room being commodious, boards were brought in for seats on Sundays and Rev. Benjamin Taylor, or some other clergyman, preached to the people who came from miles around to worship and to exchange a few words of friendly greeting with each other.

A school house was built in 1834 and I taught the first public school on Prairie Ronde in the summer of that year. I had twenty-five or thirty pupils. Those recently from New England were bright scholars. Others, whose parents had always lived on the border of civilization, scarcely knew the alphabet. The latter were perhaps only the more eager to tread the paths of learning. I remember, especially, the surprising progress made by a brother and sister aged ten and twelve years respectively.

The malaria arising from the decaying vegetation of the newly-turned prairie sod, together with crowded, ill-ventilated apartments, caused much sickness. We were among the sufferers. My sister was sick many weeks with fever and we all had ague.

The attending physician in our family, Dr. N. M. Thomas, whom I afterwards married, was an ardent antislavery advocate. He was a birthright member of the Society of Friends and from youth had been taught to abhor slavery. I thought him fanatical, when he asserted, "Slavery cannot continue to exist under our government. If it is not put down by the ballot, it will go down in blood." That was many

years before William H. Seward wrote of "The Irrepressible Conflict."

Through my marriage with Dr. Thomas in 1840, I became connected with "The Underground Railroad." His antislavery views were so well known, that, while he was a bachelor boarding at the hotel, fugitives from slavery had called on him for assistance and protection on their way to the Queen's Dominion and freedom.

After we began housekeeping they came singly and by twos and threes. The first was a woman advanced in years, who had made her way on foot and alone from Missouri. At first she was helped by people of her own color, then by the Friends, or Quakers, who were always ready to aid the fleeing slaves. This woman was an eloquent talker. She told me what some women had to endure from cruel, licentious masters. From that time I felt it my duty to do the little I could for those attempting to escape from bondage.

About the year 1843 a Mr. Cross stopped with us. He was arranging for safe and speedy conveyance for fugitives from slavery to Canada. This was "The Underground Railroad" and our house was to be a station. Zachariah Shugart, a Quaker on Young's Prairie, in Cass County, was to bring the cargoes here and my husband was to have them taken to Mr. Erastus Hussey, a Quaker in Battle Creek. They soon began to arrive in loads of from six to twelve. This brought much hard work to me and great expense to my husband. Often after my little ones were asleep and I thought the labor of the day over, Friend Shugart would drive up with a load of hungry people to be fed and housed for the night.

My husband's extensive acquaintance with the antislavery men in this state frequently gave us the pleasure of entertaining genial, cultivated gentlemen. At the time the Presbyterian Church was organized in Schoolcraft—it was Congregational, I believe, at first—two elderly clergymen, who had often visited us, came to our house, accompanied by a young man, a recent graduate from the Andover Theological School. He was sent by the Home Missionary Society to form a church in the West. And they decided upon Prairie Ronde. They came Saturday afternoon and we had an agreeable social visit. About dark, Friend Shugart drove up with a lumber wagon filled with colored people, whom I soon fed and ushered into my husband's office where couches were to be prepared for their rest until morning.

The young candidate for the ministry asked if I was willing to have him pray with them. I assured him I had no objection.

Soon after his return to the sitting room, one of the elderly clergymen inquired, "Where is the Doctor this evening?" I answered, "He has gone to engage a man and team to take these colored people to Mr. Erastus Hussey's in Battle Creek in the morning." The youth turned a censorious glance toward me saying, "It does seem, when the Lord has protected them thus far on the road to freedom, that they ought to be allowed to rest on the Sabbath day." "Sir," said I, "How would my Sabbath be passed, if I had all of these colored folks to cook for?" The older minister laughed heartily, adding, "And the ministers too?" I echoed, "And the ministers too!" Long before the clergymen had arisen the next morning, the fugitives had eaten their breakfast and were on their way. Friend Shugart, too, had left for his own home.

When visiting relatives in Ann Arbor in 1844, we told of the aid we gave to fugitive slaves. Our hostess, who was a member of the Baptist Church and whose husband was a deacon in the same church, remarked, "I think it right and am glad to have them escape, but I could not take them into my home." I told her that when overburdened with work, I often had occasion to recall the words, "Even as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me." It also occurred to me that she never could have read James Montgomery's, "The Stranger and His Friend" with the same feelings with which I had perused that little poem when scarcely more than a child.

One of the most intelligent of escaping fugitives, Henry Bibb, came to our house with Mr. Treadwell of Jackson. My husband invited a houseful of friends and neighbors to hear him tell of his life in slavery. He also sang some of Whittier's antislavery songs with a voice and feeling that were very affecting.

In 1847 slave hunters came to Cass County, claiming men, women, and children as their property. The people rescued some of the bondsmen from their clutches and sent them posthaste on to Canada. A courier came to us with some of the fugitives, telling us of the danger, adding, "The slave hunters will soon be here." He asked us only to get food as they could halt but for a few moments. I hastened to prepare what I could and asked for help from a kind neighbor, who often so

accommodated me. They soon arrived, took the provisions without alighting and passed in safety to Canada. Their rescuers in Cass County were heavy losers financially, as they had resisted officers of the law. Friends subscribed generously for their relief, yet several were obliged to sell their farms. Many, as a result, moved to Oregon.

After the passage of the fugitive slave law of 1850, greater precaution was observed and fewer passed on the regular route through southwest Michigan. Yet, during the next ten years, many came to us. It has been estimated that during the twenty years that our house was a station, between one thousand and fifteen hundred received our aid.

At the close of the Civil War, a colored man, George Harris, who had lived in this county several years after escaping from bondage, came to see us and told of his experience as a soldier. He said he offered to enlist in this state, when the first troops were called for, but was refused on account of his color. Later he learned his name was on the roll for drafting. Preferring to go as a volunteer, he went to Boston, where he enlisted in a colored regiment and was at the taking of Charleston. He said he knew many in the same regiment who had been in Canada and came to help fight for the freedom of their brethren. They told him of being aided by my husband when escaping from slavery. Then he turned toward him, saying, "Doctor, that is the way you helped take Charleston."

It is now between thirty and forty years since the last of that long line of fugitives stopped at our house on the road to freedom. And I, an old lady of seventy-six years, feel glad and proud of my small share in the glorious emancipation, consummated by our Martyr President in his proclamation of 1863.

Michigan Folklore

UNWRITTEN NEGRO FOLK SONGS

Thelma R. Yates

THE FOLLOWING COLLECTION OF NEGRO FOLK SONGS won the first Jo Stafford prize in folklore offered by the American Folklore Society for the best manuscript collection of folk materials made by a college student. The prize was awarded in 1949. The collector, Mrs. Thelma Yates, was then a student at Wayne University working under the well-known folklorist, Professor Thelma G. James. Dr. James feels that the songs and tales of a people are a precious possession for all of us and that this small collection is a tribute to the musical wealth which the American Negro has given to his country.

Mrs. Yates graduated from Jackson College, Mississippi, did further work at Fisk University, and took her master of arts degree at Wayne University in 1949. She has been a teacher of music at the Columbian School in Detroit since 1945, and is also organist at the Tabernacle Baptist Church.

Mrs. Yates' prize-winning Negro folk-song collection includes material obtained from persons living in Yazoo City and Jackson, Mississippi, and Chicago, Illinois, as well as in Michigan. Unfortunately, consideration of space makes it necessary to omit the material from non-Michigan residents and one of the songs recorded by Michigan residents. The selection of songs to be printed was made by the editor of MICHIGAN HISTORY. Permission to print this interesting folklore material was given to the Historical Commission by the American Folklore Society.

Editor.

THE FOLLOWING THREE SONGS were obtained from a woman who was born in Valdosta, Georgia, seventy years ago, and has lived in Tennessee and Kentucky. She resided in Detroit when the songs were recorded. She attended school a few years in Georgia but had practically no education in that she did not learn to read or write. She

sells chewing gum and candy on the streets of Detroit; and I accosted her on the street with an appeal for unwritten folk tunes. She said she would try to think of some. Later I went to her house at night and she sang these tunes for me and told me the story of them. The first tune, "Religion's So Sweet" is a tune sung during the baptismal services held at the river. After the people returned from the river to the church with the new candidates, they would sing this mourn, "Have Mercy, Lord," and "Where You Bound."

RELIGION'S SO SWEET



2. Just come up from Jordan,
Just come up from Jordan,
Just come up from Jordan,
Religion's so sweet.

3. Jesus is my captain,
Jesus is my captain,
Jesus is my captain,
Religion's so sweet.

HAVE MERCY LORD



WHERE YOU BOUND

LEADER CONGREGATION

Where you bound Lord, Bound for king - dom Land Where you bound, Lord

ALL

Bound for King - dom Land King Je - sus gave me a

let - ter, And he told me that let - ter was true He said the

more you read that let - ter Lord It's gon - na

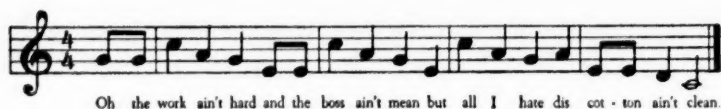
LEADER CONGREGATION

search you through and through Where you bound Lord - Bound for King - dom Land.

The giver of the following songs was born sixty years ago in Decatur, Mississippi, and finished high school in Mississippi by attending summer normals. She began teaching in a one-room school-house when she had finished ninth grade in Decatur. She has lived in Highland Park thirty-five years and now has an employment service.

This lady attended a church that I played for in Highland Park at one time. I visited her frequently and during the Thanksgiving holidays went out to see her. She was very reluctant to give me these songs but finally I convinced her that I should have them. She remembered these songs from having heard the people sing them in the small community where she taught school.

THE WORK AIN'T HARD



2. All I hate dis corn ain't clean.
3. All I hate dis field ain't clean.

LAWD, SEND A REVIVAL



Mr. C. was born in Georgia about forty years ago and later lived in South Carolina, Ohio, and Detroit. He finished college in Atlanta, Georgia, and taught school in some of the neighboring towns of Atlanta. He was inducted into the army from Detroit and had a chance to visit in France before returning. He came to my residence to see my husband, who is an attorney, on business. While waiting, I started a conversation on the old songs that have gradually faded out. He thought of these two before leaving. He says he remembers these tunes being sung in the churches of the deep South around his home town.

I'LL MEET YOU ON DAT OTHER SHORE

Say your pray'rs, say your pray'rs, say your pray'rs If I
 nev - er nev - er see you an - y more say your pray'rs, say your
 pray'rs say your pray'rs I'll meet you on that oth - er shore.

2. Speak the truth, speak the truth, speak the truth
 If I never, never see you any more
 Speak the truth, speak the truth, speak the truth
 I'll meet you on that other shore.
3. Have faith, have faith, have faith
 If I never, never see you any more
 Have faith, have faith, have faith
 I'll meet you on that other shore.

COTTON NEEDS PICKING SO BAD

Cot - ton needs pick - in so bad Cot - ton needs pic - kin so bad -
 Cot - ton needs pic - kin so bad, I'm gon - na pick all ov - er dis field.

Mrs. D. was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, a little more than thirty years ago and has lived in Austin, Texas, Terre Haute, Indiana, Cleveland, Ohio, and Detroit. She is the daughter of a Baptist

preacher, a beautician by trade, has a beautiful singing voice, and is interested in music as a hobby. She finished college at Tennessee State College, Nashville.

We happened to be at a New Year's dinner party that Mrs. D. attended. After dinner, being in a private home, we started singing and playing familiar tunes. She recalled the following two tunes from having heard her grandmother sing them. She told this story about "They Took My Babe Away." A Negro slave mother cherished very much her babe that was born to her on the plantation where she worked. The baby became desperately ill one day, and later died. The mother always had the feeling that the white people did something to her baby to cause its death. In lamenting over this very sad event the mother sang this song.

THEY TOOK MY BABE AWAY

My in - fant ba - by was sleep - in on my breast

But now I'm lone - ly My -- ba - bys gone to rest

While the stars are creep - in De an - gel come a creep - in

Dey took - my - ba - by Dey took - my - babe a - way.

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and plaintive, with lyrics written below each staff. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff ends with a double bar line. The third staff ends with a double bar line. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line.

"Mammy's Lullaby" was a song often sung to rock the little ones to sleep.

MAMMY'S LULLABY

1. When I was a lit - tle ba - by I re - mem - ber long a - go
 2. Mam - my to would call me hon - ey Take me up up - on her knee

pa - pa used to sit at even - nin' and play de old ban - jo -
 hold - ing me to her bo - som would sing dis song to me -

Don't you cry my hon - ey Don't you weep no more mam - my's gwine to

hold her ba - by All de oth - er black trash

sleep - in on de floor mam - my's gwine to hold her boy.

The four songs that follow were secured from Mrs. E., age 58, who was born in Malvern, Arkansas, later lived in Birmingham and Pratt City, Alabama, and Kentucky. She attended grade school in Malvern, Arkansas, and worked out in domestic service most of her life. She works for a family here in Detroit now. She says that when she was living in Pratt City, Alabama, a man used to be well known there for his guitar playing and singing. He was called "Bubber Blevins" by all who knew him. He used to work at Muscle Shoals and made up this song when the urge hit him to go back to Muscle Shoals for a trip. It is a "blues" number. The other three songs are tunes that she remembers hearing him sing on the street corners. She says a crowd of people always gathered around him to listen to his melodious music.

A TRIP TO MUSCLE SHOALS

Musical score for "A Trip to Muscle Shoals" in 4/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked with a '7' time signature. The lyrics are: Hur - rup, ma - a, pack your grip, Let's go back to Mus - cle Shoals for a trip Hur - rup, ma - a, Go and pack your grip Ma - Ma, Ma - Ma, Ma - Ma, I'm gon' ask you one more time, sweet hon - ey babe Train blowed for Cin - cin - ati - ti, Blowed and never - stopped You ought - ta seen dem cul - lud fire - man heat - in dem boil - ers ' hot.

I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU BURY MY BODY

Musical score for "I Don't Care Where You Bury My Body" in 4/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked with a '7' time signature. The lyrics are: Oh, I don't care where you bu - ry my bod - y, Oh, I don't care where you bur - y my bod - y, Oh, I don't care where you bur - y my bod - y, Cause my soul's gon - na live with God, live with God.

BURDEN'S DOWN

Sing glo - ry glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah When I
lay my bur - den down - Sing glo - ry glo - ry Hal - le -
lu jah When I lay my bur den down.

THINGS I USED TO DO

Things I used to do, I don't do no more Things I
used to do I don't do no more. Things I used to
do I don't do no more Since the Lawd's done made me who - le.

Mrs. F. is sixty-five years old and the widow of a Mississippi Baptist preacher. She was born in Dekalb, Mississippi. She has had little educational training and is practically a self-made person. She sells articles of all kinds. Early in the semester I called to see if she could help me collect songs. She says that when she was a teen-age girl they used to sing this tune, "Coon, Coon, Coon." It came from the hearts of their parents and expressed their desire to be white because of so much cruel treatment in slavery.

COON, COON, COON

Coon, Coon, Coon I wish my col - or would fade Coon, Coon, Coon, I'd
 like a diff - runt shade. Coon, Coon, Coon, from morn - in, night and noon
 I wish I was a white man 'stead of a coon.

The others are songs that were popular in the churches. The preacher would line out the songs for the congregation to sing.

I'M GONNA TELL GOD

I'm gon - na tell God how you treat me, I'm gon - na tell God how you
 treat me some of these days. I'm gon - na tell God how you
 treat me, I'll tell him how you treat me some of these days.

AM I BORN TO DIE

And am I born to die To lay this bod - y down and

am I born to die to lay this bod - y down and

am I born to die to lay this bod - y down.

SOMEBODY TOUCHED ME

Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Some - bod - y touched me Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,

Some - bod - y touched me. Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Some - bod - y

touched me And it must have been the hands of the Lawd.

OUTSHINE THE SUN

I've got a moth - er in the heav - en, Out - shine the sun,

Out - shine the sun, Out - shine the sun, I've got a moth - er

in the heav - en Out - shine the sun — way be - yond the moon.

George gave me the next song. He is fifty-nine years old and was born in Memphis, Tennessee, where he completed high school. Later he came to Detroit, where he worked first in a factory and presently is employed at the post office. We were at a Thanksgiving dinner held out in North Detroit when I asked at the dining table if anyone remembered any old tunes which had not been written down. He said he recalls his parents singing this song when he was a small lad in Memphis.

PICK DAT POSSUM CLEAN

Thanks-giv - ing comes but once a year, Pick dat pos - sum clean All
of us are gath - ered here, Pick dat pos - sum clean Pick it long
and pick it wide, Pick it on the oth - er side Pick dat pos - sum clean.

The giver of the following five songs was born in Austin, Texas, sixty-two years ago, and finished the sixth grade there. She married at sixteen and moved to Detroit, where she is employed in day work. While waiting for an appointment in my husband's office she recalled these tunes for me that her grandmother used to sing in and about the house in Austin.

CRYING HOLY UNTO THE LORD

Cry - in Hol - y un - to the Lord Cry - in

Hol - y un - to the Lord And if I Could I

sho - ly would stand on dat rock where Mo - ses stood.

The musical score for 'Crying Holy Unto the Lord' is written in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a 7-measure rest, followed by a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The second staff continues with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The third staff concludes with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note.

LAWD, HOLD MY HAND

Lawd, hold my hand — Whilst I run dis race. Lawd, hold my

hand — Whilst I run dis race. Lawd, hold my hand — Whilst I

run dis race And — Save my — soul from sin and shame.

The musical score for 'Lawd, Hold My Hand' is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The second staff continues with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The third staff concludes with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note.

OH, THE BLOOD

Oh de blood, oh de blood, oh de blood's done signed my name. Oh de

blood, Oh de blood, Oh de blood's done signed my name. Oh de blood, oh de

blood, Oh de blood's done signed my name, Oh de blood's done signed my name—

The musical score for 'Oh, The Blood' is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The second staff continues with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The third staff concludes with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note.

HE'S GOOD TO ME

He's so good — He's so good to me. He's so good —

He's so good to me. My Lawd Je - sus He's so good to

me He done saved my soul from sin and shame.

AIN'T YOU GLAD

Sis - ter, ain't you glad I done made it ov - er, Sis - ter, ain't you

glad I done made it ov - er, Sis - ter ain't you glad I

done made it ov - er Done made it ov - er, at last.

Southern Negro Storytellers in Michigan

Richard M. Dorson

COLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN NEGRO TALES USUALLY COME FROM THE southern states. Fauset's *Folklore from Nova Scotia* represents an exception, but still bypasses the North. Considering the extensive and continually growing colored population in northern cities, this neglect by collectors may well arouse surprise. Intriguing questions are suggested by this untilled area. To what extent has southern Negro tradition been transplanted to northern localities? Are regional variations discoverable in tales originally spread from Georgia to Texas, of Negro migrants who now live side by side in housing projects and newborn settlements far from their birth states? Furthermore, what light can we secure on the total body of United States Negro folk narrative from this major new avenue of field work?

Our present resources stand in considerable need of replenishing. We have of course the many texts gathered by Elsie Clews Parsons in the *Journal of American Folklore* and the *American Folklore Society Memoirs*, but these are dry and dessicated scripts, divorced from storytellers and cultural environment. Often they are written out by school children, and set down in a jerky dialect prose unfaithful to oral art. That Parsons by her secondhand field methods missed many good bets can be seen in the number of fine fresh tales procured by Zora Neale Hurston in Florida. Miss Hurston remedies the tragic inattention to individual storytellers characteristic of most folktale collections, but in a manner that slips too far the other way; she re-creates mood and milieu with artistry but without the prosaic field documentation. In the monographic collections available to us, as the books of Charles C. Jones, Mrs. A. M. H. Christensen, and the South Carolina Writers' Project, the full range of Negro storytelling fails to receive proper reflection, following the emphasis of Joel Chandler Harris, who slighted humorous anecdotes and the Old Marster cycle for animal stories. With a more nearly complete corpus of United States Negro tradition, we can begin to appraise that tradition in terms of its African, European, and white American elements.

The present paper merely reports on field trips to Michigan Negro communities undertaken this past year (1952). Some thirty-three days were spent in the field, in March, June, September, and November, when over five hundred texts were obtained. The notebook tales are supported by three and a half hours of tape recordings and some fifty unposed photographs of the major informants.

All the communities visited were chiefly or largely populated by colored people, in distinction to Negro sections of predominantly white towns and cities. The growth of these Negro settlements and townships in recent years indicates a striking new demographic development. However the first locality I stopped at, and the one that has proved most fruitful, boasts an old and unique history. Calvin Township, some nine miles from Cassopolis the county seat of Cass County in southwestern Michigan, traces colored residents back to the 1840's, when abolitionist Quakers invited freed Negroes to their land. Although they also established a station on the Underground Railroad, only one Calvin family, according to my interviews, descends from a fugitive slave, the other runaways all going on to Canada. Eventually the Negro settlers spread over Calvin, owned most of its farmland, and now hold all the township offices. In the depression years, a new wave of immigration of southern-born Negroes moved into Calvin leaving Chicago for the countryside and for the opportunity to own land and live in an all-Negro rural township. With the decline of the old families and the influx of the new Southerners, the complexion of Calvin radically changed, and tensions developed between the old aristocracy and the darker, poorer, less acculturated newcomers. It was this contrast that caught my interest, as I wished to compare the folk traditions of the century-old Negro settlers with the newer Southern migrants.

Arriving in Calvin on a Friday afternoon, I found scattered farmhouses strung along gravel roads deep in March mud. Apart from Ab and Edith's tavern by the blacktop, and two gas stations and a grocery store at the four corners, the township offered no meeting places, not even any tourist homes, and I had to stay at the hotel in Cassopolis. Under these adverse field conditions I utilized the only two points of contact available: I hung around the tavern, and I attended the churches. Learning that the local Adventist church held services on Saturday, I went there the next day; visited the

hundred and six years old Chain Lake Baptist church Sunday; and the handsome new gray stone Community Church the week after. At their services, where I was the only white person present, and was twice called upon to deliver a statement, I made valuable contacts. A deacon of the Chain Lake Church, Fred Steele, offered to take me around to likely families, as he had an interest in the local history, having worked on the centennial pamphlet of his church. With Mr. Steele as pilot I met a number of the old residents who would otherwise have proved difficult of access, and learned the answer to my initial question.

The old northern families possessed no Negro tales at all. They knew some colorful genealogical legends about the backgrounds of their townsmen—involving a Confederate general, a free Negro and the wife he bought, a stud slave—but of folktales they were bereft. Actually the Calvin aristocracy turned out to be colorless, literally and ethnically. Much mixed with white and Indian blood, they appeared yellow and near-white in hue, middle-class in manner, and subdued in personality. For the most part they resented inquiry into their past, and assigned Ohio as their place of birth. As the township supervisor uneasily informed me, "We're a forward-looking progressive community here; we don't look back."

An entirely different experience faced me with the southern Negroes. On my fifth day in Calvin, I ate supper alone in Ab and Edith's place, and Edith, now used to seeing me, spoke confidentially across the counter. Large, sallow, spectacled, with an harassed air, Edith knew intimately the town she was raised in, and told me a good deal of local scandal, about killings and dope rings, brothels and mixed matches. After a while she said, "You know, when you first came here we didn't know what to think of you; some people thought you were from the FBI, because two detectives had come around not so long ago trying to break up a marijuana ring. But I told them that you must be a writer or a professor because you had those patches on your sleeves." Edith pointed to the leather reinforcements on my jacket elbows, which actually I had had sewed on just a month or so before. Becoming now quite friendly, Edith asked me how my work was progressing. I replied that the old northern families had disappointed me with their lack of stories, and that only the one or two Southerners I had met knew any tales. Could she

recommend some likely southern person to me? Edith suggested I go down the road and see James D. Suggs, who was Mississippi born, and a good talker, and could use any help I might give him, having a large family and little means. I drove right down to Suggs' house, a shabby and dilapidated dwelling, and found him at home, with his nine children. "I hear you know a lot of stories," I said hopefully. "I know a million of them," Suggs answered grinning. And that evening he told me a score, as I gave examples and he matched them with great gusto.

A man of sixty-five, who had married at forty-two, and so was burdened in his late years with many young children, Suggs had traveled widely in a variety of occupations, and absorbed a limitless store of traditions and experiences. He dictated tales to me from morning to night for several days, and on each revisit gave me more. At the present count he has related one hundred and twenty-three stories and half a dozen songs, told and sung with spirit and verve and a superb range of inflection. He adapted himself easily to a tape recorder on the occasions I used it to capture some of his choicer narratives. After telling a tale Suggs characteristically repeated it, and then expanded on the human lesson or moral it contained. For an instance, in his story of the farmer who took a frozen snake into his bosom to warm it, and was then mortally bitten when the snake revived, he explained that some people are just like the snake, and gave an actual example of an ex-convict who turned on the man who befriended him. As a story entertainer Suggs is a nonpareil, a one-man repository of the American Negro tale repertoire.

The day after I met Suggs, another stroke of good luck fell my way when Fred Steele took me to the home of the Edward L. Smiths. Mrs. Smith had been born in Mississippi and her husband in Georgia. The two made a remarkable team, the wife amply proportioned, energetic, voluble, the man short and crinkled; both deeply pious, friendly, and hospitable, and overflowing with lore: tales, songs, beliefs. They reinforced one another, one triggering off the other's recollection in a fertile flow, although, unlike Suggs, they were not especially aware of stories as such and seemed to forget one as soon as it was told. On one memorable evening, when I had revisited them with a recording machine, a visitor, Mrs. Mary Richardson, entered. She was a small elderly woman with Indian features who had been

raised in Tennessee and Mississippi. The three fell to chatting, and I turned on the machine and asked Mr. Smith to repeat the saga of his slave grandfather, and Mrs. Smith to tell again how her aunt had been hoodooed. From there the conversation proceeded on its own impetus, with witch-riding as the main theme, and all three related personal incidents of being witch-plagued, and discussed appropriate means of fending off witches. The tape wound up to a dramatic climax, with the Smiths describing how they had been witch-persecuted in that very house, and Mrs. Smith recalling the capture of a witch down in Mississippi that had desperately turned into a hideous spider in a sifter covered with salt.

The three so enjoyed hearing the tape played back they asked me to make another, in spite of the lateness of the hour, and on the reverse side I recorded three songs and a number of tales. In this storytelling each of the trio gave a variant on a central motif, saying they "had heard it differently." Mrs. Smith narrated an Old Marster story in which crippled marster was carried down to the barn to hear the mules talking, whereon in his fright he started to run home without his slave, fell down, and broke his neck. Mr. Smith said he had heard it about two chicken thieves, and then told the familiar anecdote of the thieves dividing their spoil in the graveyard: taking them for God and the Devil counting souls, crippled Marster outruns his servant home. But Mrs. Richardson then stated she knew it "different from the way you all told it," and gave a fresh tale of the one-legged man who with an accomplice attempts to rob a grave, and his pants catching on a nail, in terror he beats the two-legged man home. The two tapes afford a fine candid record of spontaneous storytelling, filled with witch noises and animal sounds that defy printed transcription. On later visits I found Mrs. Richardson to be another "natural," replete with tradition and rich in expressive phrases. Talking of an unruly cow, she said it was mean enough to "kick the sweetnin' out of a ginger snap."

A chance remark about a new Negro community at Benton Harbor led me to that nearby industrial and fruit-shipping center on Lake Michigan, where I discovered a large recently arrived colored population, scattered in different sections of the town. Although here my potential informants lived close together, in far larger numbers, their lack of roots and a community spirit hampered me in running down

good storytellers. I worked mainly in two areas: the so-called "Project" of converted army barracks right in town, and a collection of nondescript shacks known as Town Line Road four miles outside the city proper. My best contact in Benton Harbor proved to be a young man of thirty, John Blackamore, a foundry worker and truck hauler, large of face and chest, expressionless in speech, a massive sort of personality one would not expect stories from, but to date he has given me twenty-six, most of considerable length and detail. At Town Line Road Sarah Hall told me that her ex-husband was hoodooing her, by placing a bottle in his privy, containing her photograph, a piece of her skirt, and something red. She also told me folktales, and so did each of her three daughters; the youngest, Effie Dean, a bright solemn child of ten, recited some Boccaccio-like pieces with complete poise.

Calvin and Benton Harbor remained my most profitable hunting grounds, but I visited other Negro communities around the state and found evidence of Southern story lore in all: at Covert, a small farming village twenty miles outside Benton Harbor; Inkster, a populous Negro community near Detroit that dates back to the 1920's; and Idlewild, the well-known colored summer resort in the north central part of the state. Although I spent only a day apiece at Covert and Idlewild, and four days at Inkster, some expert southern-born tale-tellers fell my way. At Inkster the reputation of Walter Winfrey led me to an arthritic invalid in a wheel chair, who in spite of his pain matched story for story against all comers, black or white.

Surveying this collection as a whole, both in itself and in relation to the existing literature of Negro tales, one sees the patterns and themes of a singularly homogeneous tradition. The major groupings include: long and short animal stories, chiefly of the rabbit and the buzzard; the Old Marster cycle, concerning the stereotyped figure of the plantation owner, sometimes called Old Boss in his post-bellum role; true hoodoo episodes, usually involving a love triangle; believed accounts of witches, hants, and spirits, given with precise detail; realistic incidents of slavery times, involving the brutality of marsters and patterollers¹; jokes about preachers; a large body of Irish noodle

¹According to Mitford M. Mathews in *A Dictionary of Americanisms*, 2:1208 (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1951), the "patterollers were bands of white men . . . organized largely for the purpose of regulating the

anecdotes; a fair sample of frontier tall tales; Biblical folk legends and experiences with a moral (such as punishments for breaking the Sabbath); racial jests about the Negro, the white man, the Jew, and other peoples. I heard no Märchen, save for the well-known complex tale of *The Devil's Daughter*, with the Magic Flight episode (Type 313A). Suggs told me a legend about the mermaid who took a sailor to her underseas home, whence he brought back the knowledge of lipstick for modern women; and others knew the tradition. Certain tales enjoyed ubiquitous currency, principally those of the Rabbit playing godfather and stealing the butter; the clever slave accidentally guessing the hidden coon; the fowls talking about the preacher's coming; the witch caught by salting and peppering her skin; the two thieves in the cemetery mistaken for God and the Devil counting souls; the daredevil frightened out of the hanted house. Many examples of these types are already printed, but an equally popular tale of which I have fifteen variants has been reported only three times in the United States, Type 157, *How the Animals Learned to Fear Men*. Where in its European appearance the lion customarily encounters Man, to his discomfiture, among Michigan Negroes the boastful creature may also be the bear, the alligator, and the buzzard. Winfrey alone told me three variants, one involving a collision between the lion and a cowboy. Some unique tales turn up, such as the Old Master story about the two strong slaves, instructed by their marsters to fight on a wager. One asks to be chained to a stake, with a ring in his nose, to intimidate his opponent. The other rides down slowly, and tardily, on a mule, and when his mistress comes up to him before the crowd and scolds him for being late, he slaps her face. The chained slave in panic at such audacity pulls up his stake and runs away. Such a plot unmistakably derives from the conditions of ante-bellum life. Yet plausible inferences may prove mistaken, and a seemingly American situation, where the colored man strikes the Mexican for always replying "Quien sabe?" to his questions (told me by Blackamore) finds an exact duplicate in the West African story of the countryman who goes to the big city where a different dialect is spoken, and receives always the same response to his queries.

conduct of the slaves at night in such matters as preventing the slaves from going from one plantation to another without passes, and for preventing them from holding any kind of meetings without permission and without the presence at these meetings of at least one white man."

On certain attitudes and facts about their storytelling, the southern Negroes in Michigan substantially agree. They enjoy less opportunity for exchanging rhymes, toasties, riddles, and old tales in the impersonal, highspeed life up north. John Blackamore said he had not told his stories since he left Missouri in 1943. Nevertheless, the star narrators preserved an unending gush of traditions, and all the colored people I met, the tellers and the listeners, tremendously enjoyed narration, laughing hugely at their own ghost scares or the turn of the joke. One can not imagine a more appreciative audience. Characteristically the teller repeats his story while the laughter still echoes. For serious legends he invokes similar matters in the Bible as support. Few southern-born but knew at least one or two tales; as Tommy Carter said, "All colored people know tales but most white people don't." Still, the outstanding raconteurs far outshine the rank and file for extent of repertoire and assurance of text, and this I take to be a universal truth in folklore. The inflectional range and adept mimicry of Suggs, the Smiths, Mrs. Richardson, and their peers convince any hearer that southern Negro storytellers continue a superb oral artistry in northern climes.

Michigan News

FORTY MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE met at Willow Run airport on Saturday morning, January 17, to develop further the plans of the committee for workshops on air history. Members of the committee had a most enjoyable and instructive time. They were flown in a *Silver Falcon*, a twin-engine airliner of the most advanced type, which was brought to Willow Run for the occasion by Eastern Air Lines. Visits to the control tower and a weather station of the airlines and to the operations office of Eastern Air Lines, a lunch, and an afternoon discussion session kept the committee members busy the entire day.

Held in connection with the observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the Wright Brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk, the meeting at Willow Run was sponsored by the Michigan Department of Aeronautics, the Civil Aeronautics Administration, Eastern Air Lines, and the Michigan Historical Commission. The day's program was planned as an educational project for members of the committee. Ranking officials of both the federal and state aeronautic agencies, representatives of major airlines, and others answered questions in a panel discussion held in the afternoon. Mrs. Ellen C. Hathaway, chairman of the school activities committee, had the members of the committee report on the individual projects in effect on air history in Michigan. The forty-odd members of the committee present at the Willow Run meeting came from Ionia, Midland, Isabella, Kent, Ingham, Washtenaw, Oakland, Genesee, Wayne and Monroe counties.

ELEVEN MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the school activities committee met at the Women's City Club in Detroit, February 27 with representatives of Capital, Eastern, and American Airlines, and the Michigan Department of Aeronautics to advance the committee's program this year of stressing air history. The group agreed that available aeronautics material should be screened before being recommended to teachers and that a continuing search for additional printed matter be made. The department of aeronautics agreed to reproduce acceptable screened material for general distribution so far as it was possible to do so. Mrs. Ellen C. Hathaway,

chairman of the school activities committee, appointed Mrs. Kathleen Flint, Lionel Gibb, Elmer Pflieger, and Ada Watson to the screening subcommittee.

The organization of a statewide speakers bureau under the direction of the aerial group of Michigan was discussed. The group agreed that statewide flight and facility experiences similar to that provided at Willow Run on January 17, 1953, should be made available.

The immediate launching of a pilot workshop was urged so that additional workshops on air history could be developed at an early date. Mrs. Hathaway announced that the pilot workshop would be held at the Vaughan School, Bloomfield Hills, March 21, under the leadership of Mrs. Kathleen Flint.

Fred L. Waite of the Michigan Department of Aeronautics announced that that department is developing a film and filmstrip library which would be available to all members of the school activities committee. After Dr. Lewis Beeson, secretary of the Michigan Historical Commission, had outlined the objectives of the committee and reviewed its progress, each member reported on activities in his area and made suggestions for accelerating the program. Following the discussions, the committee members saw two films "Air Power and Peace Power" produced by Eastern Airlines and "United 6534" produced by United Airlines.

THE PILOT WORKSHOP OF THE SCHOOL ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE of the Historical Society of Michigan was held at Vaughan School, Bloomfield Hills, March 21. An interesting program was provided by Mrs. Kathleen Flint, chairman for South Oakland County for the School Activities Committee, and Fred Waite of the Michigan Department of Aeronautics. Following a welcome by Mrs. Flint and brief remarks by Dr. Lewis Beeson, Horace S. Gilbert, advisor in aviation education of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, Chicago, Illinois, spoke on "Aviation in its Golden Year." Allan M. Dexter, district traffic manager, spoke on the airline industry. E. T. Peabody, director, air transport section of the General Motors Corporation spoke on "General Aviation"; and Thomas S. Murphy, supervising agent of the office of safety, Civil Aeronautics Authority, spoke on safety in aviation. These talks were followed with a discussion,

a luncheon, and a consideration in the afternoon of methods and materials for elementary schools, and junior and senior high schools. A summary of the conclusions was presented by Mrs. Ellen C. Hathaway, chairman of the school activities committee.

TWO NEW COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETIES have elected permanent officers and organized a program of local historical activity since the beginning of this year.

The Manistee County Historical Society at its January meeting elected Ray Overpack, president; Joseph Fisk, vice president; Miss Georgia Curtiss, secretary; Fred Caro, treasurer; and George Despres, historian. A board of directors was also elected to act with the officers as an executive committee. These directors are Charles Boyer, John Luscher, Probate Judge Max Hamlin, and Mrs. Lucille Rumbell. The society is considering the establishment of a Manistee historical museum.

The Presque Isle County Historical Society held a March meeting in Rogers City and elected the following officers: Lawrence Larke, president; F. F. Stutesman, vice president; Lee Gregory, secretary; and Mrs. Fred J. Fisch, treasurer. The society had already begun to work under the leadership of temporary officers in collecting relics of historical interest which are on display in the county library in Rogers City. This display has attracted considerable attention and Mr. Gregory, secretary of the society and also county librarian, reports "that people are coming in to the library who had never been there before." Considerable credit for the success of the Presque Isle County organization should be given to the Rogers City Kiwanis Club, which sponsored the new society.

The Presque Isle County Historical Society has adopted the joint-active type of membership with the Historical Society of Michigan and thus twenty new members have been added to the state society. This close working relationship promises to add strength both to the local and the state organization.

THE DELTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its annual meeting on February 19 at the Delta Hotel in Escanaba. In making his annual report, A. Theodore Sohlberg, president of the society, voiced his appreciation for the people who had expressed their

interest in the society by attending its meetings and singled out by name those who had been conspicuously active in the work of the society during the past years.

Mr. Sohlberg then went on to express his faith in the value of a local historical society, such as the Delta County, so appropriately that his remarks could well form the credo for local historical organizations. These remarks follow:

"There is," saith the ancient Preacher, "a time for every purpose under the sun." This, it seems to me is the time, the right time, and the place for us to take thought together about how to answer the question so often asked by the quizzical bystander, as to the why and wherefore of all this research into the past. What does it profit us now to disinter the poor relics of the generations that have long since departed this earth? Our goals lie ahead, and the last year's calendar has already been consigned to the scrap heap! Why not take the advice of the poet, "Let the dead past bury its dead"?

But in truth we cannot so easily divest ourselves of the past. We have it always with us. Generations that have gone before live in us. Time and circumstance have imposed upon us new habits of life and thought, but it is the blood of our forbears that we carry in our veins. Today is the day that followed yesterday, and tomorrow's sun will look down upon what we build today. We rear our structure upon the foundations laid by our forefathers, who in their time used the building stones gathered by their forbears. It follows that we need to know about the past in order to understand the present—in order that we may understand ourselves. A philosopher has said that he who remembers not the past is condemned to live it again. We cannot take the advice of the poet too seriously.

I think, too, that we need to speak to ourselves about these matters. It seems to me that in our eager search for mementoes of the past, for things that are old, we sometimes forget that what we seek are the facts of history. We become so greatly interested in what we may find along the trail that we forget that for which we are looking.

The coming of the white men into the region in which we live may correctly be regarded as a not unimportant episode in the historic trek of Europeans in the direction of new lands and new opportunities. Here as elsewhere the movement was characterized by relentless energy and stubborn resolution. It had the mandate of destiny, the urgency of fate. The march of bold and hardy men into the wilderness was as irresistible as it was ruthless. It recognized no barriers and disregarded all obstacles.

In the vanguard were the hunters and trappers, men with muskets in their hands and the lust for adventure in their blood. They entered the wilderness without leave and gathered up of its treasures without tax and without recompense. After them came the makers of maps and the

timber cruisers, to spy out and explore the land, and to prepare the way for the lumbermen.

Much has been written in these recent years about the era of the logging operations, and each new tale has been a bit more lurid than the one before. That incredible real-life extravaganza, the lumbering era, is almost without counterpart in the annals of the nation. Its tumultuous heyday came to an end about the turn of the century. When it was over many of the great mansions of the lumber barons stood vacant. The roystering woodsmen had drifted away. Ghost towns and deserted villages had been left standing in the desolated areas—to point a moral or confirm a legend. When the lumbering era closed its books it had collected all its accounts and cashed all its checks. It was a phase that had passed.

The history proper of this region begins, I think, with the man with the grubhoe and mattock. He came in as the woodsmen's tide went out. A simple man; he set his cabin amid the shambles left by his predecessors, and committed himself to the task of clearing the land and restoring its utility. Under his ministrations the earth came to smile again—green with growing crops in summer, yellow with harvests in the autumn. He laid out his homestead and built a road leading to it. Together with his neighbor he built a school by the side of the road and a church at the junction of the highways. An orderly community life was established in the wilderness. A transformed economy stimulated new enterprises and the ghost town became alive again.

It is in the province of the society to make earnest and diligent inquiry into the processes by which the amazing transformation that has taken place in Delta County has been achieved, and the material and spiritual resources that have made it possible. If we are to accomplish what we have set out to do as a society, it is necessary that we study and try to understand the ways of men in the generations that have gone before. It is necessary that we know about the tools they worked with, the problems they faced, the faith that animated them. It is for us to record our findings so that they may be made available to generations that are to follow.

MONROE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY elected Dr. C. H. DeGraff president for the year at its meeting in January, 1953. Assistants as vice presidents include Arthur Lesow, Mrs. Daniel A. Knaggs, Mrs. H. E. Barrows, Mrs. Joe C. Sterling, and Miss Mary J. Crowther; Mrs. Edward C. Steiner, recording secretary; Miss Maribel Vivian, corresponding secretary; R. Harry Smith, treasurer; Mrs. Mildred McMichael, historian; and Edward C. Steiner, museum director. Mrs. Florence Kirtland, curator of the museum, in report-

ing on its activities said that adult groups visiting the museum numbered nineteen and represented 509 persons. School groups numbered fifty-two and included 1662 persons. The speaker of the evening, Andy Palmer of Dearborn, showed many unique guns and told stories concerning some of them.

ANDY PALMER, WHO POSSESSES ONE OF THE LARGEST GUN COLLECTIONS in the world, publishes the newspaper *Great Guns* which is devoted to guns and gun collectors. In the December, 1952 issue his lead article is an account of a 45-70 Springfield rifle on exhibit at the Monroe Historical Museum. He has identified this gun as belonging to General George A. Custer. The identification was made by comparing the gun on exhibit with a picture at the museum of General Custer dressed in buckskins and holding a rifle.

THE FINNISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF HIAWATHALAND at a meeting early this year set as its goal the gathering of the histories of the five thousand Finnish families who live in northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan. Postponed for another year was the construction of the proposed archives building so as to permit the raising of additional funds. The records will be bi-lingual—in Finnish and the English languages. The officers of the society are: president, Ivar Maki; vice president, Arvid Maki; corresponding and financial secretary, Hjalmar Makila; treasurer, Mrs. John Harmanmaa; assistant to secretary, Mrs. Einar Lakso.

MUCH SOUND PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE BY PROFESSOR EMIL LORCH and the other members of the committee on architecture of the Historical Society of Michigan. The chief project of this committee is the compilation of a list of historic houses in Michigan. Much work has been done in selecting the structures for inclusion in the list and gathering uniform data on them. This work was reviewed April 24 at a joint meeting in Ann Arbor of the committee on architecture and the committee on preservation of historical buildings of the western Michigan and the Detroit chapters of the American Institute of Architects. A report prepared by Professor Lorch follows:

"To compile a definitive list of historic houses in Michigan requires not only the cooperation of the committee members, but of

many others upon whom we must depend, not only for the names of buildings but for historical data and pictures. A mere list of names is not enough for a historical society. A fairly long list has been prepared, but several correspondents are yet to be heard from; thus the list is not quite ready for submission. As yet there is no list of houses of the Upper Peninsula. The houses on such a list are, of course, not of equal quality and require classification. Some of these buildings have been restored or reconstructed, some are being preserved and maintained, others are in various states of repair; and the future of many of them is doubtful. For the list of houses, one member of the committee, Henry S. Booth, visited several Detroit houses; Warren Rindge prepared a list of Grand Rapids houses; Howell Taylor and the writer have considered houses elsewhere in Michigan, some of which have been visited.

"It is a pleasure to report that the reconstruction of the Early-Beaumont house is about to go forward with funds provided by the Michigan State Medical Society. The project is an old one and difficult from the rebuilding standpoint owing to the paucity of reliable information despite considerable research.

"Just now there is hope that the process of restoring the John Johnstone house at Sault Ste Marie will be renewed. The work got off to a bad start two years ago.

"About a year ago a partial survey was made of the Henry R. Schoolcraft house at Sault Ste Marie; measurements were made of the walls, as well as photographs of the interior. It thus became possible to distinguish the original from the later construction and enlargement which changed a modest design into a rather meritorious one. This is one house for which a public school or popular subscription might be appropriate owing both to Schoolcraft's great scholarship and the dependence of Longfellow on his work.

"The officers headquarters building of the Dearbornville Arsenal is now an interesting museum after a partial restoration. The visit by members of our society to Fort Wayne during the last annual meeting revealed the progress being made in repairing the fine stone barracks building and in adapting part of the fort to museum purposes.

"Attention should be called to the purchase at auction of what is known as the Hawaiian House at Marshall by Harold C. Brooks, thus preventing its destruction. The city of Marshall is unique in

Michigan for the number of early buildings which have been preserved—largely through the efforts of Mr. Brooks. Among the buildings are the old tavern, a distinguished mansion, and a smaller house, all of the Greek Revival period. Mr. Brooks presented to the city a fountain of appropriate design. To serve as a city hall an early building was adapted in a happy manner. Together these constitute an extraordinary civic achievement.

"Through the generosity of Prentiss M. Brown it became possible to employ assistants in the survey of the former Detroit and Cleveland Company Warehouse at the foot of Wayne Street in Detroit. Thus, measured drawings were prepared by the draftsman and photographs were made by an expert photographer. Copies of this material and of a paper on the history of the building will become part of the records of the Historic American Buildings Survey, whose documents are preserved in the Library of Congress.

"When seen recently, the Solomon-Sibley House in Detroit had been reconditioned by the authorities of Christ Church, which the house adjoins. This is the last early house of some importance remaining in Detroit showing the influence of the Greek Revival and is one which should be recorded in Washington by means of photographs and measured drawings. Recording such buildings would be a valuable contribution by the Historical Society of Michigan.

"The American Institute of Architects, the National Park Service, and the National Council of Historic Sites and Buildings, in that order of beginning, are all active in seeking the preservation of worthy buildings and sites. Jointly and singly, acting upon appeals for help and with the help of experts, they have both succeeded and failed in protecting precious landmarks of our culture. Attention is called to these organizations for reference by the members in the event of threats to a valued building in their locality, for under such circumstances timely protest and prevention are most desirable."

Pointing up the need for pictures and accurate measurements and drawings of the structures in Michigan having architectural and historical value is the report that the old Fist Lake Tavern in Kent County is in danger of being destroyed. "The inn, more than a century old, was built of brick from local clay and timber from the surrounding forest. Despite the fact that it served in later years as a stable and then as a garage, vestiges of its old glory remain in the

ragged wallpaper in a second floor ballroom and in some of the fine old woodwork," according to *Historic Preservation* for winter 1952.

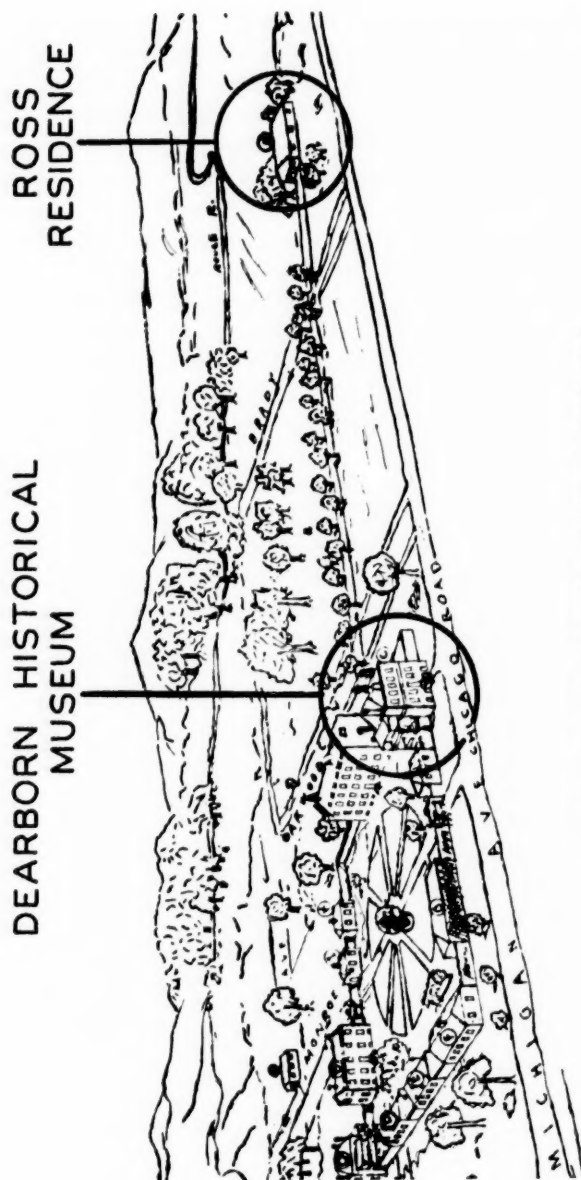
Historic Preservation, the quarterly of the National Council for Historic Sites and Buildings, should be read by all interested in historical architecture in Michigan. It is the original organization of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, a congressionally chartered trust with offices at 712 Jackson Place, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

THE DETROIT HISTORICAL MUSEUM on November 10, 1952, opened a new major exhibit, *A Century of Negro Life and Culture in Detroit*, whose aim is to foster a just pride of accomplishment in the new members of the Negro community, and to inform the general public of the great forward steps made in many fields by Negro citizens. The choosing of the Negro group for the first special showing in the cultural field follows the emphasis placed in 1951 on the French and their establishment of Detroit and the general displays of the New England and New York State emigrant traditions which continue dominant in the present society. The Negro community is chronologically the next major group and the largest single cultural group in Detroit today. The exhibit continued through January 31, 1953.

THE ALGONQUIN CLUB at its meeting February 6, in the Norton Palmer Hotel, Windsor, Ontario, had for its speaker, Fred Hart Williams who spoke on the topic, "Early Negro Life and Culture in the Detroit Area." Mr. Williams is a native Detroiter whose grandparents arrived in Detroit via the Underground Railway in 1849.

THE DEARBORN HISTORICAL COMMISSION HAS ACQUIRED through gift the McFadden-Ross residence, which originally was the magazine of the United States Arsenal built in Dearborn in 1833. The magazine makes the second of the Dearborn Arsenal structures in the possession of the commission for its present headquarters on Monroe Street and Michigan Avenue.

The accompanying sketch map of the Dearborn Arsenal shows the relationship of the new acquisition of the Dearborn Historical Commission to its present headquarters building. Through the gift to



UNITED STATES ARSENAL IN DEARBORN 1835

the commission of the Ross residence, Michigan is assured of the preservation of the magazine and officers headquarters of the arsenal.

According to Robert F. Bauman, curator of the Dearborn Historical Museum,

Few persons realize the extent and value of the contents in the one hundred twenty year old structure recently acquired by the Dearborn Historical Commission as a result of the will of the late Elizabeth Ross. Several months will be consumed, perhaps even a year or two, before the full extent of the historical collections will be known. The estate, which consists of three buildings and several acres on Michigan Avenue and Brady Street, is to be used for the benefit and education of the people of Dearborn; and, the home itself is to be known as the McFadden-Ross Museum. John McFadden, a very early settler in Dearborn, was Elizabeth Ross's grandfather.

Of great significance is the twenty-four room, brick home on Brady Street, which was originally the magazine of the arsenal. In the basement is the original powder and ammunition room with the large bins still full of sand. There were thirteen structures in the arsenal unit, and this building was one of two located outside of the massive brick wall which enclosed eleven of the buildings. All structures were built of handmade brick produced by Michigan's first brickmaker, Titus Dort.

Practically every room of the ancient building contains great quantities of rarities including mementos, antiques, manuscripts, and a great variety of historically significant articles of every phase of Dearborn's past. Every closet, chest, dresser, and cabinet drawer is full of old and rare artifacts, newspapers, and manuscripts. The great importance of this collection is due to the fact that it includes many articles commonly used in the home and in business which were not generally kept by our people. Other of the items are unique in that they are the only one of their kind in the world. An example of this is the original iron arsenal gates, which were located on Monroe Street, then called Center Street.

In many of the cabinets and drawers within the house itself are manuscript letters; village, township, church, and school records; maps; photographs; tintypes; daguerreotypes; newspapers and clippings; scrapbooks and diaries. These will fill many of the gaps in the fascinating story of this city and its people. Dozens of large sea chests, museum pieces themselves, have not even been opened, which should certainly reveal a great wealth of this type of material. Miss Ross preserved every Christmas, Easter, birthday, and greeting card she received; and, of unusual interest, is a large box of small personal cards presented to her at the door by visitors of years past.

In one of the large attics is stored the equipment used in the first general store in Dearbornville, which her grandfather owned. Among

the items from this establishment to be found in the Ross home are the old wood-burning stove, scales used for weighing the merchandise, hay scales, barrels to hold crackers and staples, handmade wooden and copper scoops, ladles and utensils, pails and kitchen equipment, and even labeled containers of merchandise sold during the nineteenth century.

Practically every type of lighting device used in Dearborn during the past century can also be found in the fruitful rooms. Lanterns, candle holders and molds, oil and kerosene lamps, and old-fashioned light bulbs are among this type of material. Several very old household pieces such as sewing machines, washing machines, radios and record players, pianos, beds, heating and cooking stoves, chairs, and other pieces are part of the collection. Among the other items found in great numbers in the home are watches, spectacles, rare books, guns, tools, earthenware, china, dishes, bedding, blankets and quilts, toys, Christmas decorations, paintings and portraits, farm implements, canes and parasols, and clocks.

Probably some of the most valuable items historically are among the clothing and costume field. This is a type of material most difficult for a museum to uncover. Men, women, and children's clothing dating back as far as 1840 are still in excellent condition. In fact many of the dresses have never been worn and still possess the price tags from the day when they were purchased. An extremely valuable collection of ladies' hats, shoes, and jewelry will be obtained after a thorough search of the residence has been made.

Such a collection of articles and manuscripts as is found in the Ross home are of great historical value in themselves for any museum, but the fact that all are Dearborn pieces and many are labeled and dated makes the material even more valuable to the city historical museum. The people of Dearborn appreciate the foresight of Miss Ross who has preserved such rarities for our city.

CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS ON OBSERVING the fiftieth anniversary of the flight of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk has been made by the Michigan Aviation Historical Committee. Since its formation in July, 1952, this committee, under the sponsorship of the Michigan Department of Aviation and the general chairmanship of Peter Altman, vice president of Continental Motors, has organized a well developed program in Michigan for the observance of this historic flight.

About twelve events have been scheduled, opening with an historical exhibit by the United States Navy at Greenfield Village April 1, and closing December 17 with an aviation banquet at which an award will be given to the Michigan man or woman who has contributed the most to aviation during the past fifty years.

Perhaps the major activity of the Michigan Aviation Historical Committee is the writing and publishing of the history of Michigan aviation. In furtherance of Michigan's participation in the observance of the fiftieth anniversary of Kitty Hawk, Governor G. Mennen Williams in February appointed a Michigan committee on the fiftieth anniversary of powered flight.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN COLLEGE OF EDUCATION is offering a Michigan history travel course, August 3 to 14. It will be a two-weeks trip through the Upper Peninsula and the upper part of the Lower Peninsula. The trip provides one full day on Mackinac Island, two days in the Copper Country, and perhaps two days at Sault Ste Marie, including the Canadian Soo. Historical understanding will be achieved more readily through contact with local people, historical sites and museums, and the presentation of the subjects to be considered in the locale out of which they grew. Such subjects will include lumbering, copper and iron mining, Great Lakes commerce, minerals and extractive industries, tourist industry, agricultural adaptations of the area, Indians, explorations, and the fur trade in the northern Great Lakes area. The itinerary will include Midland, Saginaw, Bay City, West Branch, Grayling, Gaylord, Alpena, Rogers City, Cheboygan, Mackinaw City, St. Ignace, Mackinac Island, Marquette, Negaunee, Houghton, Ontonagon including the Porcupine Mountains and the White Pine Mining Company, Ironwood, Iron Mountain, Menominee, Escanaba, Manistique, Petoskey, and Cadillac.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARCHIVISTS will hold its 1953 convention at Fair Lane, the magnificent home of the late Henry Ford, which has been equipped to house the Ford Motor Company archives. This will be the seventeenth annual meeting and is scheduled to be held September 13, 14, 15.

Henry Brown, director of the Detroit Historical Society, is chairman of the program committee. Henry Edmunds, director of the Ford Archives, is chairman of the local arrangements committee. Serving with Mr. Brown on the program committee is Vernon Beal of the staff of the Michigan Historical Commission and serving

with Mr. Edmunds on the local arrangements committee is Dr. Lewis Beeson, Executive Secretary of the commission.

ANOTHER NATIONAL MEETING OF IMPORTANCE is that of the American Association of State and Local History. This convention is scheduled for September 10, 11, 12, and 13, and has been planned to overlap with the archivists' meeting because of the common interest of both groups. The Detroit Historical Society and the Ford Motor Company Archives are cohosts. *American Heritage* is the quarterly magazine of this organization.

IN 1953, OHIO IS CELEBRATING its 150th anniversary. A series of statewide special events and programs and many local sesquicentennial programs are under way in Michigan's neighboring state. The sesquicentennial opened January 8 with an Ohio state exhibit at the Library of Congress.

THE NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION will conduct its sixth annual seminars on American culture in Cooperstown, New York, July 5-11. Professor Thelma G. James of Wayne University will cochairman the course "Folklore of the Newer Americans." The courses will offer to local historians, collectors, writers, teachers, librarians, museum personnel, folklorists, and Americana enthusiasts an opportunity to study for a week with others who share their interests and with distinguished specialists in the area of their enthusiasm. Included in the courses will be "Reading the Landscape," a course designed for people who would like to understand better what they see when they are riding through the American countryside.

THE WOLVERINE MARINER WAS LAUNCHED at the Quincy, Massachusetts, yard of the Bethlehem Steel Company, April 4, 1953. The vessel is the last of the five mariner class ships built by the Bethlehem Steel Company for the maritime aid of the United States Department of Commerce. This class of vessel was designed and built to provide the American merchant marine with a number of ships of a type which would be valuable in merchant service and private operations and at the same time useful for national defense purposes. The mariner class ships replace the well-known *liberty* ships of World War II.

Book Reviews and Notes

- Detroit: A Wilderness Outpost of Old France.* By Ferris E. Lewis. 20 p.
- Detroit: A French Village on the Frontier.* By Floyd Radike. 20 p.
- Pontiac's Siege of Detroit.* By Howard H. Peckham. 20 p.
- The Stars and Stripes Come to Detroit.* By Richard D. Miles. 20 p.
- The Great Fire of 1805.* By F. Clever Bald. 20 p.
- Fun and Frolic in Early Detroit.* By Kenneth N. Metcalf. 20 p.
- The Story of Ste Anne's Parish.* By Edward J. Hickey. 24 p.
- When Beaver was King.* By Fred C. Hamil. 20 p.
- Detroit and the Westward Movement.* By Floyd R. Dain. 20 p.
- Detroit at the Century's Turn.* By George W. Stark. 24 p.
- Detroit: The Story of Some Street Names.* By Sister M. Rosalita. 20 p.
- Detroit in the War of 1812.* By Alfred B. Vorderstrasse. 20 p.
- Yesterday's Highways: Traveling Around Early Detroit.* By Edith C. Forster. 20 p.
- Detroit in the Civil War.* By Alfred J. Freitag. 20 p.
- Public Transportation in Detroit.* By Harry Dahlheimer. 20 p.
- Detroit: The Story of Water Transportation.* By Floyd R. Dain. 20 p.
- Industrial Detroit: Men at Work.* By Sidney Glazer. 16 p.
- Edited by Joe L. Norris. (Detroit, Wayne University Press, 1952. Illustrations. \$.15 paperbound).

On July 24, 1701, about one hundred men under the leadership of Antoine de la Mothe, Sieur De Cadillac, landed on the shore of the Detroit River. The members of this party, consisting of about fifty soldiers and fifty settlers, were the first white residents of Detroit. Little did they know as they sat around their campfires that evening that they were camping on the site of what later would be the present Veterans' Memorial Building.

From this beginning a lonely camp site grew to become a complicated, wonderful, modern city with hundreds of sprawling industries, miles of paved streets, towering buildings, and a concentrated population numbering into the millions.

The growth of Detroit during the two hundred fifty years since the landing of Cadillac is a chronicle of hardship, courage, and ingenuity. The story has been told in a series of seventeen booklets produced by the Education Committee of Detroit's 250th Birthday Festival, fourteen of which were available for review.

In general the booklets may be divided into four overlapping areas. The first group introduces Detroit at its beginning and shows what it is today. *Detroit, A Wilderness Outpost of Old France*, by Ferris E. Lewis, describes the birth of Detroit as an isolated fort in the forest. *Detroit at the Century's Turn*, by George W. Stark, depicts Detroit as it is today. The magic and awesomeness of a giant metropolis are vividly painted in this booklet.

Five of the booklets give a remarkable sketch of the history of Detroit in terms of the major events and eras that are significant in the history of the city and nation. Detroit at times was a crucial outpost in the wars and struggles which eventually determined the present boundaries of the United States and Canada. The city has played a major role in all the wars in which the nation has become involved.

Three booklets are devoted to the story of transportation from early days to the present. The development of water traffic, of modern highways, and of transit within the city itself is traced carefully. Appropriate attention is paid to the manner in which transportation grows as a result of need and how it also is the backbone of industrial development.

Probably the most human and fascinating anecdotes are found in the four booklets which recall the evolution of human living and social intercourse during the development of the city. Such booklets as Sister M. Rosalita's *Detroit, The Story of Some Street Names* and Kenneth M. Metcalf's *The Fun and Frolic in Early Detroit*, are full of the little human bits of information which give history its charm and interest.

For example, in the early days when shipment by water was the only method feasible for carrying heavy freight, during the frequent portages each boatman often carried from two to four ninety-pound packs at a time!

The evolution of entertainment in the city illustrates the ingenuity which isolated people can exercise when necessary. The first theater was begun in Detroit in 1816. It was designed for amateur production and was sponsored, built, and operated by army officers and their wives.

Today Detroit is a city of parks. It is interesting to read the following from *Fun and Frolic in Early Detroit*: "The queen of the Detroit public park system, Belle Isle, although set aside as a public common in 1701 remained the home of hogs, cattle, and rattlesnakes until its purchase by the City in 1879."

One often wonders about the origin of the hundreds of names given to streets in great cities. In *Detroit, The Story of Some Street Names*, Sister M. Rosalita has done a marvelous job of research in identifying

the background for some of the more famous city streets and avenues. In 1805, when Michigan became a territory, one of the first judges appointed by President Jefferson was Augustus B. Woodward. The first secretary of the territorial government was Stanley Griswold.

These accounts of travel in Detroit and in the state are stories of hardships and incredible discomfort. Edith C. Forster, in *Yesterday's Highways*, tells how, in the early 1830's, "One family that left Detroit in these days for Western Michigan traveled in three covered wagons. The first night they spent in Ten Eyck's Tavern, a famous Inn in Dearborn. The third night they were two miles west of Ypsilanti, and for the next 18 days they did not see a white face."

It is difficult to do justice to the history and lore that can be found in this series of little booklets. Each is the kind of publication which one casually picks up and finds he cannot lay it down. All of them can be read and reread and still their charm and interest remain.

The booklets will be enjoyed by children from later elementary years on up through highschool. It would be good if every elementary and secondary school library could have a set. In general, the style of writing, language, and content are not too difficult. One can wish, however, that there were more illustrations. The illustrations that are included are excellent, but children would enjoy the booklets more if there were more pictures and possibly more color.

This series represents a real contribution to the available story of Michigan history. Other communities could well follow Detroit's lead in producing similar little bulletins dealing with their own local history. The human aspects of the past, the romance and color, the tragedy, the privilege of having lived during the development of a great city and state, all are there. The past of Detroit is filled with courage, pathos, struggle, foresight, independence, shrewdness, and a kind of a relentlessness. All of these are qualities that historically are a part of the past of an energetic and dynamic culture.

Probably the most significant thing about the booklets is that they are fun to read. Both young and old will find them enjoyable. It is easy to project oneself into the past by means of these little books, and, for a while, to be a pioneer paddling a canoe, building a corduroy road, defending a fort, or carving a farm out of a towering forest.

Department of Public Instruction

L. MORRIS MCCLURE

CARL E. BURKLUND, who wrote a series of articles on "Early Michigan Poets" which appeared in the 1946, 1947, and 1948 issues of *Michigan History*, is the author of a fourteen page booklet on Henry Philip Tappan *President as Poet*, published by the Michigan Historical Collections of the University of Michigan.

Empire in Pine, The Story of Lumbering in Wisconsin. By Robert F. Fries. (Madison, Wisconsin Historical Society, 1951. viii, 285 p. Illustrations. \$4.00.)

Within the past few years several new chapters have been written in the history of the forest products industries in the United States. Until recently these great industries, with their acknowledged contribution to the development of this nation, were strangely neglected. The awakened interest has produced within a decade a rather remarkable number of studies, published and unpublished. Among those published are Agnes Larson's *White Pine Industry in Minnesota*, Richard Wood's *History of the Lumber Industry in Maine*, and Richard Current's *Pine Logs and Politics*. The Forest Products History Foundation at the Minnesota Historical Society stimulated a group of studies that have not been published, chief among them George B. Engberg's study of labor in the lumber industry in the upper Great Lakes states, William G. Rector's study of transportation, and Arthur Reynold's history of the Daniel Shaw Lumber Company.

Robert Fries offers in *Empire in Pine* one more work of fine scholarship to add to the lengthening list. He has analyzed the lumber industry in Wisconsin from its feeble beginnings in 1830 through the exploitive stage, which ended, roughly, around 1900. Mr. Fries, in dealing with a subject which he correctly states has "an astonishingly large number of facets," does an excellent job of telling the essentials of the story. Additional monographs and company histories will probably enrich detail and change some of the interpretations, but this pioneer work with the industry in Wisconsin will probably stand as basic for a good many years.

When the lumber industry in an area as homogeneous as the upper Great Lakes states is described state by state in successive books, some duplication must occur. Land laws operated in about the same way, logging, driving, rafting, booming, milling, and marketing were done in about the same way, and often by the same men. Thus, duplication between the history of the industry in Wisconsin and Minnesota is unavoidable, as it will be when the Michigan saga is written. But Mr. Fries has a great deal to offer that is new when he describes the organization of the industry in Wisconsin, problems of management, state and national forces influencing its development, and its influence on the state and nation.

Empire in Pine is based on company records and other manuscripts in the collection of the Wisconsin Historical Society, newspapers, and trade journals, as well as on secondary works. Log marks drawn from official records ornament the chapter headings.

Minnesota Historical Society

LUCILE M. KANE

Contributors

Jackson Edmund Towne has been librarian of Michigan State College since April 1, 1932. He was born in Wisconsin and is a graduate of Harvard University. Before coming to East Lansing he served successively on the library staffs of Yale University, The University of Iowa, and New York University, and was director of the accredited library school at Peabody College in Nashville.

Mrs. Ethel Hudson was born in a log house three miles from Tekonsha and near the sawmill where her father worked. She received her early schooling in Marshall. In 1906 she moved to California and later was a member of the faculty of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music.

Dr. Adrian Jaffe was a contributor to the September 1952 issue of *Michigan History* with his article on the "Letters of Henry P. Tappan to Victor Cousin," which traced the connection of the University of Michigan president with an outstanding French philosopher. In this issue, Mr. Jaffe presents the letters of an intelligent Swedish woman-traveler describing her visit to Michigan.

Dr. Georges J. Joyaux presents a continuation of the study of the French press in Michigan which he made through the assistance of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation by the Midwestern Studies Committee of Michigan State College. The first article, "a Bibliography," appeared in the September 1952 issue of *Michigan History*.

Mrs. Sarah McNeal, at the age of nine, moved with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Jones, and two sisters, from Grand Ledge to an eighty acre piece of timberland in Charlevoix County. She taught school in the backwoods schools of Charlevoix and Antrim counties. Since 1886 she has lived in or near Boyne City, was supervisor of the first ward of Boyne City for seven years, and a substitute Rural Mail Carrier for her husband for twenty years.

Alexis A. Praus is director of the Kalamazoo Public Museum and a former trustee of the Historical Society of Michigan. He is the author of several articles on archaeology and was a contributor to the December 1952 issue of *Michigan History* with his article "Upper Michigan Museum and Historic Site Survey."

Thelma R. Yates is a graduate of Jackson College (Mississippi). She did further work at Fisk University and took her master of arts degree at Wayne University. She has been a teacher of music at the Columbian school in Detroit since 1945 and is also organist at the Tabernacle Baptist Church.

Dr. Richard M. Dorson is the author of many folklore stories. Among these is: *Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers: Folk Traditions of the Upper Peninsula*, published last year. Appearing this spring is *America Rebels, Narratives of the Patriots*, edited, with an introduction, by him. It is the August selection of the American History Publication Society.

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The Historical Society of Michigan is an organization maintained and managed by Michigan citizens who are interested in the history of their state. It includes teachers, business men, professional people, and others who write history, study history, or just enjoy reading history. Its purpose is to encourage historical research and publication and to foster local historical societies throughout the state. Membership dues are \$3.00 per year. *Michigan History* is sent to each member.

The Michigan Historical Commission is an official state body, consisting of six members appointed by the Governor. It was first established by an act of the legislature in 1913. The Commission is custodian of the state's archives; it compiles, edits, and publishes Michigan materials; and seeks to cultivate, through the Historical Society of Michigan and other groups, a continuing interest in the history of Michigan from the early times to the present.

Michigan History is a quarterly journal containing articles by qualified writers on Michigan subjects, reviews of books related to Michigan and its past, and news of historical activities in the state. Contributions are invited. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editor, Michigan Historical Commission, Lansing 13, Michigan.

The Commission maintains at Lansing the Michigan Historical Museum, a rich storehouse of artifacts and documents related to the history of the state.

Among the activities of the Commission and the Society are the following: an annual meeting is held each year in October, at which tours and talks on Michiganiana are enjoyed; books and pamphlets are published from time to time; a conference on the teaching of Michigan materials is held annually; historical celebrations are encouraged in various parts of the state; a program of marking historical places is sponsored; guidance is provided to local governmental and state agencies on the destruction of useless records and the preservation of records having historical value.